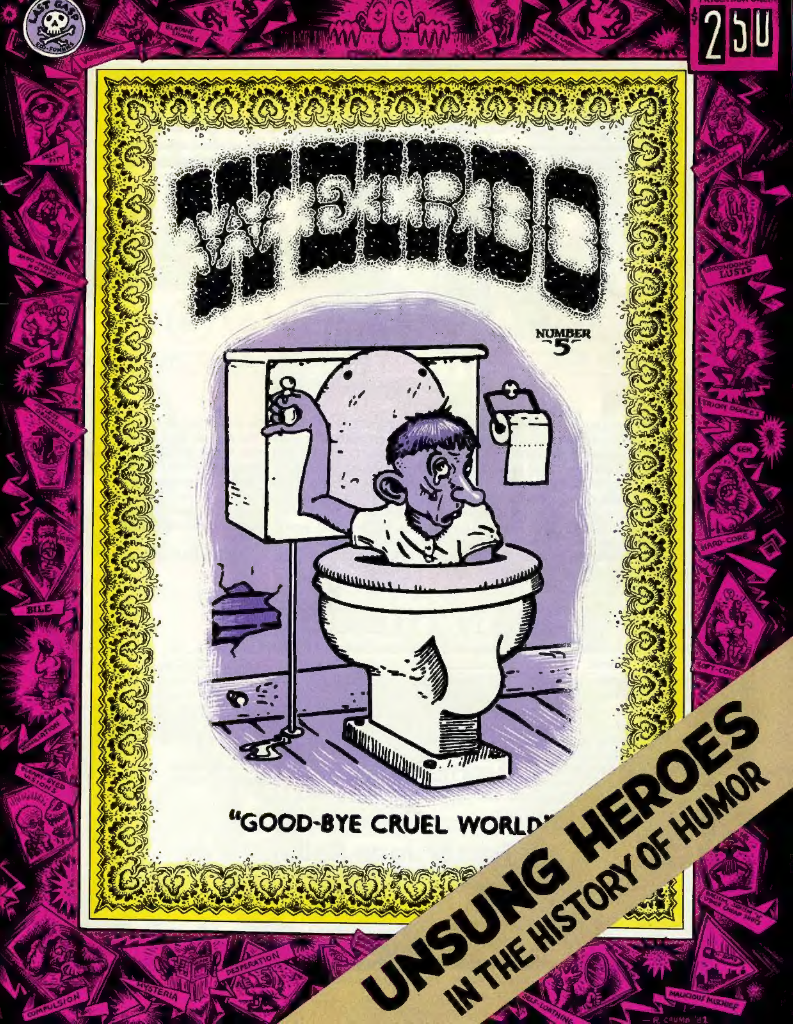
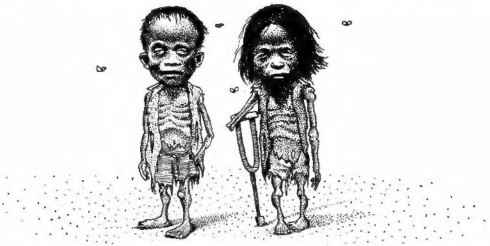

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
$2.50
WEIRDO
NUMBER 5
"GOOD-BYE CRUEL WORLD!"
SELF-PITY
BILE
UNCONDONED LUSTS
HARD-CORE
SOFT-CORE
EEK
HUMILIATION
COMPULSION
HYSTERIA
DESPERATION
SELF-LOATHING
MALICIOUS MISCHIEF
— R. CRUMB '82
UNSUNG HEROES
IN THE HISTORY OF HUMOR

They Need Your Designer Jeans

Your Dollars will clothe starving refugees in Bonjour, Jordeche, and Sasoon



There are so many children in this world whose parents are too poor, too ill to give them the basic needs of life. Innocent children with little hope for a look that's right. Designer Jeans are simply not available in their countries. But now there is hope.

For $15.00 a month, you can become a sponsor through Foster Jean Relief Fund, and give something very special to children like those pictured above. Designer Jeans. Jeans made of stretch-denim, with firm support for bony little limbs. A slim, trim waist that won't cut or bind when they bend to pick a scrap, crawl for cover, or curl up in convulsions. Just fill out the coupon below, and you'll receive a monthly report on how your Foster Jeans refugees are enjoying their jeans.

Give them the look that's all together. Crying. Dying. Day or Night. Foster Jean Relief Fund has the look that's right.

JEAN THE GOOKS

Yes, I want to help end jean-deprivation in Southeast Asia.

Name ____

Address ____

City ______________________________ State ________ Zip ________

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ napalm mutant

Send my refugee(s) ☐ Bonjour ☐ Jordeche ☐ Sasoon

Here is my first monthly payment of ☐ $15.00, or $____ (add $15 for each additional refugee).

I cannot sponsor a jeanless child now, but would like to contribute $____, toward other vital necessities (Max Facter Lip Lustre, Chaps cologne by Ralph Lauran, Clairesse Henna Rinse).

Mail to:

Foster Jean Relief®
7 Fashion Square
New York, New York

Gay sponsors accepted

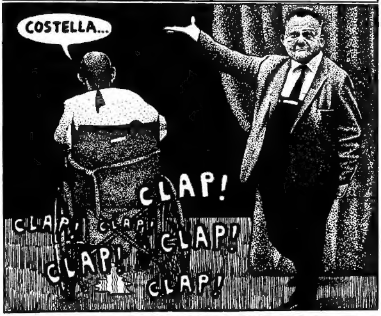
© FRIEDMAN BROS.

FIRST PRINTING: 10,000, MAY, 1982 / SECOND PRINTING: 10,000, JULY, 1982

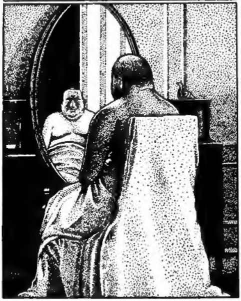
LAUGH MAKERS

©1982 BY DREW FRIEDMAN

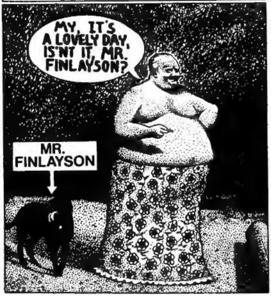
BUD ABBOTT MADE HIS FINAL STAGE APPEARANCE IN 1974 AT THE OLD ACTORS HOME IN LOS ANGELES. HE WAS DEAD A WEEK LATER.


COSTELLA...
CLAP!
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
CLAP! CLAP!
CLAP!

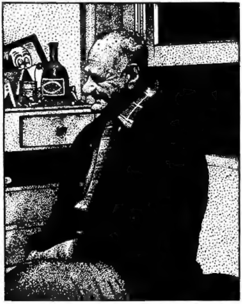
WHEN MOE HOWARD & LARRY FINE DIED IN 1974, JOE DIRITA WAS LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.



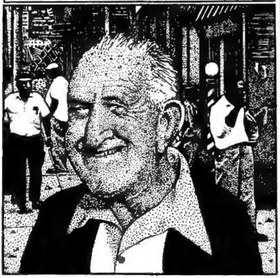
SHORTLY BEFORE HIS FATAL STROKE IN 1957, OLIVER HARDY WOULD TAKE LONG WALKS IN THE PARK, DRESSED ONLY IN HIS WIFE'S FROCK.


MY, IT'S A LOVELY DAY, IS'NT IT, MR. FINLAYSON?
MR. FINLAYSON

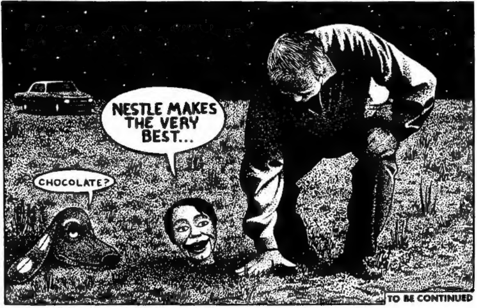
FORMER MGM CARTOON PRODUCER FRED QUIMBY CONTEMPLATES ART SPIEGELMAN'S "MAUS."



DOODLES WEAVER, FORMER MEMBER OF SPIKE JONES ZANY BAND, ENJOYS STROLLING THROUGH URBAN GETTOS. THE BELOVED FUNNYMAN IS CURRENTLY UNDER HOSPITAL CARE FOR SEVERE HEAD CONCUSSIONS. SHOULD RECOVER SOON.



IN 1979, JIMMY NELSON BURIED DANNY O'DAY & FARFEL.


NESTLE MAKES THE VERY BEST...
CHOCOLATE?

TO BE CONTINUED

♡ WEIRDO'S ♡ Advice to the Lovelorn

BY PROF. T.E. ZWIGOFF
— B.A. PSYCHOLOGY —

PERSONAL ADVISOR T.E. ZWIGOFF HAS BEEN HELPING PEOPLE SOLVE THEIR INTIMATE PROBLEMS FOR MANY YEARS. NOW EXCLUSIVELY WITH WEIRDO, HIS TIMELY ADVICE GAINS A NEW DIMENSION.

DEAR PROF —

I'VE GOT A PROBLEM THAT ALL MARRIED MEN SHARE, BUT VERY FEW WILL ADMIT PUBLICLY. NAMELY, I'M BORED TO TEARS WITH PORKING THE WIFE! THREE YEARS OF THE "MISSIONARY POSITION" WITH HER FINALLY HAD OUR MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS. WE WENT TO A COUNSELLOR AND WERE TOLD TO TRY DIFFERENT POSITIONS, PLACES, ATTIRE, ETC. UNFORTUNATELY, NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP. IN FACT, SEEING MARTHA STRUTTING AROUND WITH HER NEW RED GARTER BELT, AND FOUR-INCH HEELS IS A GROTESQUE CHARADE TO ME. I KNOW HER SO WELL, IT'S LIKE MY SISTER OR MOTHER OR SOMETHING. IT'S CERTAINLY NOT IN THE LEAST MYSTERIOUS OR EXCITING ANYMORE. ANY SUGGESTIONS?

—HAPLESS HUBBY

DEAR HUBBY—

THE PROBLEM IS DEFINITELY NOT WITH YOU—IT'S YOUR WIFE. SHE NEEDS PROFESSIONAL COUNSELLING. HAVE HER MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TO COME BY MY OFFICE AND I THINK IT MIGHT BE CONSTRUCTIVE FOR HER TO WEAR THE RED GARTER BELT AND FOUR-INCH HEELS YOU DESCRIBE.

DEAR PROF —

YOUR COLUMN IS THE REAL STUFF! I ENJOY YOUR ADVICE EVERY ISSUE AND FIND SOME OF THE LETTERS INTERESTING TOO. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE WRITING YOU THOUGH WITH A PROBLEM OF MY OWN! I'M SEVENTEEN AND LIVE WITH MY DAD. MOM DIED LAST YEAR. I GET ALONG WITH MY DAD EXCEPT THAT LATELY HE'S TAKEN TO SPANKING ME SOUNDLY OVER THE SLIGHTEST THING I DO WRONG. LAST NIGHT I WENT TO A DANCE AND CAME HOME LATE. DAD TOOK ME OVER HIS LAP AND PULLED UP MY DRESS AND SLIP. ALL I HAD ON BETWEEN HIS HAND AND MY BOTTOM WAS A PAIR OF WHITE COTTON UNDERPANTS THAT HE NEARLY WORE OUT WITH FIFTEEN MINUTES OF SPANKING. I KNOW IT UPSETS HIM TO HAVE TO SPANK ME 'CAUSE HE GETS ALL RED-FACED AND MAKES STRANGE NOISES WHILE HE SLAPS MY BEHIND, BUT I GUESS HE THINKS IT'S FOR MY OWN GOOD. DON'T YOU THINK I'M TOO OLD TO BE SPANKED? IF YOU PRINT THIS IN YOUR COLUMN AND AGREE WITH ME, MAYBE HE'LL STOP. THANKS.

—FLORIE

DEAREST FLORIE —

SORRY, BUT I'M WITH POPS ON THIS ONE. DISCIPLINE IS SOMETHING THAT'S SORELY (NO PUN INTENDED) LACKING WITH PARENTS THESE DAYS AND JUST LOOK AT THE STATE OF THIS COUNTRY'S YOUTH BECAUSE OF IT. COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS THAT YOUR FATHER CARES ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SPANK!

KEEP THOSE CARDS & LETTERS COMING IN! IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH YOUR LOVE LIFE, THEN I'M JUST THE GUY FOR YOU!! COME ON, GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST! YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AND I'LL KEEP GETTING PAID FOR WRITING THIS COLUMN.... SEND LETTERS TO:

PROF. T. E. ZWIGOFF
290 MULLEN AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
— 94110

WEIRDO

NUMBER 5 — *"CALLING ALL MISFITS, CREEPS 'N' SLOBS!"* — SPRING, 1982

SO, YOU DON'T LIKE PAYING $2,50 FOR A LOUSY 44-PAGE "COMIC BOOK"! YOU THINK IT'S OUTRAGEOUS! IT SHOULD ONLY BE A DIME, OR MAYBE A QUARTER... HEY! I AGREE! SO DON'T COMPLAIN TO ME ABOUT IT! I'M NOT GETTING RICH OFF IT...THE POOR PUBLISHER'S NOT GETTING RICH...THE STORE WHERE YOU PRESUMABLY BOUGHT THIS THING ISN'T GETTING RICH... Y' WANNA KNOW WHO'S GETTING RICH? I'LL TELL YOU WHO'S GETTING RICH..THE PAPER COMPANY, THAT'S WHO...THOSE DIRTY, SCUM-SUCKING SWINE... THEY KEEP RAISING THE PRICE OF THE PAPER TO SUIT THEMSELVES, EXTORTING ALL THE PUBLISHERS, BIG AND SMALL.... EVENTUALLY, GIANT CONGLOMERATES, CONTROLLED BY BANKS AND OIL INTERESTS (WHICH ARE NOW BUYING UP THE LUMBER & PAPER MILLS), WILL OWN THE PRINT MEDIA... SMALL FRY LIKE US WILL BE LO-O-ONG GONE BY THAT TIME.... GROUND UNDER THE HEEL OF THESE GIANTS... SO, ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN, EVEN AT THESE PRICES...NEXT ISSUE MAY BE EVEN MORE EXPENSIVE....(UNLESS I GO THROUGH WITH A POSSIBLE MOVE BACK TO MIMEOGRAPH STENCILS...)

NOW, ON TO THE FUN PART—OUR MAILBOX WE LOVE SO MUCH!! LET'S START OFF WITH THE KIND OF LETTER I LIKE THE MOST (AND ALMOST NEVER GET!)

— R. CRUMB, EDITOR

Dear R. Crumb & Aline;

I am writing to tell you I enjoy your work. Sorry that I don't feel degraded in the slightest. In fact, Mr. Crumb, I admire your women. Mainly because I have the exact same build and mentality of some of the tough ones. Rock-like thighs, monumental butt and prodigous breasts. I'm sure you're thrilled to hear all this.

(ULP-GULP-YOU BET!—ED.)

Aline, keep up the good work. However, who's this Mr. Bunch guy? I thought you were living with or married to Mr. Crumb? Anyway, I think you're great. I've never written a fan letter before but you two deserve it.

Keep on.......
Dawn Martin
Seattle, Wash.

I hope your new magazine is doing well despite its MCP stance...

Sincerely
Larry Adler
New York, N.Y.

MCP: "MALE-CHAUVINIST-PIG"— ED.

Dear R. Crumb:

A few weeks ago, stumbling around in the rain in Amsterdam, I picked up the first two issues of your Mad imitation small-time commercial venture (the kind men like). ....Fabulous city, Amsterdam...You can score anything there...grass...coke...skag...colored girls...Weirdo.

Hadn't seen your stuff since the Bud Plant interview...the magazine brings back old memories...fills me with neuralgia...for the days when the heroes were Jersey Joe Wolcott, Vic Raschi, and Cardinal Mindszenty...and publishing excellence was exemplified by Official Detective and Titter. You've pretty well exhausted that vein tho,...once you do "Develop a he-man voice," "Finish High School at home," and "Get a job overseas," there'll be no more worlds left to conquer.

And another thing...try to use more cross-hatching to give your characters that needed depth...and when you pose for photographs for Weirdo, be careful about what you wear...In those first two issues, Christ, your shoes weren't even shined! "The hippy era is over" (Washington Post, Nov. 14, 1974). The right clothes and the right look are just as important for underground cartoonists as they are for musicians...that's why Robert Johnson never made it and Led Zeppelin did.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
R. F. McAteer

NO, NO, LESS CROSS-HATCHING!! I'M TRYING TO LOOSEN UP, DEVELOP A MORE CASUAL, LESS "LABORED" LOOKING STYLE... A MORE FUN LOOKING STYLE.... THAT'S WHAT THE KIDS WANT TO SEE...I'LL BE ABLE TO WORK FASTER, TURN OUT MORE PAGES, MAKE MORE MONEY... I GOTTA GET MORE COMMERCIAL.... TIMES ARE GETTING TOUGHER...GOTTA KNUCKLE DOWN.. THAT'S O.K....THAT'S FINE..."THERE IS, IN FACT, NO SUCH THING AS ART FOR ART'S SAKE."—MAO TSE TUNG

Dear El Carumbo;

....Concening Weirdo #3, I thought it was the best looking issue to date...I got a big kick out of the letters column. Between your editorial comments & letters from Annie Elf types it may very well have been the funniest part of the mag!

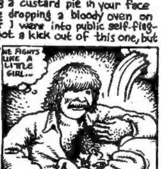
John King
New York, N.Y.

THEN YOU'LL BE GLAD TO SEE THAT WE'VE EXPANDED THE LETTER COLUMN IN THIS ISH, WITH LOTS MORE WITTY EDITORIAL PATTER BY YOUR GOOD OLD "—ED."

Dear Robert Crumb;

Your magazine I found both entertaining and maddening...the magazine format itself I dislike. It seems to be a recent trend in comics, and for me it usually doesn't work. Unlike other people I'm not weird, just heavily puzzled. The High Times (I've never read the thing too, and I gave up smoking dope years ago, so you're not the only alienated one on this planet) strip I found too heavy. You weren't just dropping a custard pie in your face in this one, you were dropping a bloody oven on your head. Perhaps if I were into public self-flagellation I would've got a kick out of this one, but I'm not, and I didn't. Far too heavy. Not at all funny. But, is this the effect you were after? The rest of the magazine I liked. The Wolvertonian Etoain Shrdlu character was marvellous, in a disgusting sort of way.

All the best,
J.H. Szostek
Leeds, U.K.


HE FIGHTS LIKE A LITTLE GIRL...

"NOT AT ALL FUNNY"

WEIRDO NUMBER 5, SPRING 1982, IS PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, 94701. FOR ADDITIONAL COPIES SEND $3.00 EACH. SEND LETTERS OF COMMENT AND CRITICISM TO: R. CRUMB, P.O. BOX 532, WINTERS, CALIFORNIA 95694 — ©1982 by R. CRUMB
PRINTED IN U.S. OF A. ISBN: 0-86719-137-6

WELL BOB!

I've been reading yer new mag for three issues now an' I decided it wuz about time you got some INTELLIGENT mail for yer column for once! Hopefully this'll do until the real thing comes along.

Weirdo #3 was a vast improvement over #2—I almost threw up when I saw you were back on that old, worn-out cutsie-chauvinist cutsie-sexist stuff with #2's cover—nihilistic hopeless despair is a much more worthy theme (really!) and has room fer artistic growth. That cute anti-feminist stuff is really getting to be a rut.

I wuz glad to see ya had some stories again in yer latest issue—the full-page drawings (like "What's the World Coming To?") and the misc. gag pages that were particularly evident in #2 just seem too much like filler...

...I gotta admit I really love the TRULY strange stuff: the Zermatism stuff, the drawings by yer brother, and best of all are old finds like Gene Deitch and Eugene Teal. Try to do more along these lines. I did like that Prof. Brainard stuff, and I loved Aline's comic.

Sincerely
Steve Replogle
Grant, Colorado

P.S. Heck, anybody should be able to tell what Max Crumb's drawings are about! They're about women in weird costumes, right?! Heck, ya just gotta git yer head outta the clouds sometimes, Bob! (but not too ofen!)

Hello from Hollywood!

The last Weirdo (#3) was the best! Everything in it from the great cover to the last page was wonderful—and so full of TRUTH. There really is NO HOPE.

Love & good luck to your newbaby, to Aline, & to you, you pervert.

Big Red
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Crumb;

The reason I'm dropping you this line is that I've just picked up some follow up information about Eugene Teal. I was just over at the U.C. Glass Store on Shattuck Ave. and noticed that they had several worn looking samples of Teal art under glass near the register. One was a picture of four frogs just like the ones in the strip you ran. The art is clean and has his name over it in a crude logo... There was also a NO CREDIT sign but it wasn't especially good.

I asked the man about Teal. He said he was an old colored man between seventy and eighty, all crippled with arthritis. He figures Teal is probably dead now as he stopped coming around about five years ago. The guy told me Teal was very persistent about bringing his art items around to be sold in the store even though there was relatively little customer interest.

Well, that's about it except I'm sure you could piece together more info about Teal by checking around at various small businesses around University Ave. like for instance the Waldorf Tavern next to the U.C. theatre.

My best to Aline and the new tot.

Best Wishes,
Kim Deitch
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Mr. Crumb;

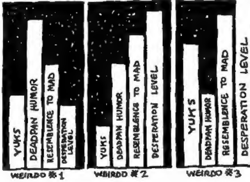
Weirdo is getting better & better! Don't let the overly critical bozos get the better of you. ..."Klassic Komic," "Hy Perboly" and the rest of your work is very fine, as usual. "Gassel" was hysterical, the Gene Deitch Jazz cartoons were an unexpected surprise, and it was good to see that some of Holmstrom's "Comical Funnies" material is finally reaching a wider audience. The photos usually bug me but this time 'round you kept them to a minimum and they were easier to take. The little episode with Janet the Cheerleader was great, as was your cover. In all, you have arrived at a good mix in terms of content and Weirdo seems to finally have some direction (*IT DOES???—ED.*). One thing, though, you think an Ad or two might bring the price down? Hey, GOD NO! What am I saying? You charge whatever it takes to keep Weirdo free of commercial interruption. I'll pay...

— Steven Dovas
New York, N.Y.

EVEN IF WE WANTED TO BESMIRCH THE ARTISTIC PURITY OF THIS BEAUTIFUL PUBLICATION WITH CRASS COMMERCIALITY, I'M NOT SO SURE ANYONE WOULD HAVE US! —— ED.

Robert:

Here is a graphic portrayal of Weirdo #s 1, 2 & 3:



Best,
Ron Evry
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Dear R. Crumb:

I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed your artwork in Weirdo #3. I'm a great fan and admirer of your illustrious and immortal cartoon art. As your fan, I of course own a copy of all your works commercially available. (*BUT OF COURSE!—ED.*) There, I hope you can handle all the flattery and money, because now I come to the criticism. (*EVERYBODY'S A CRITIC THESE DAYS!—ED.*) Weirdo has improved throughout its three issues. The proportion of Crumb art to total content has increased steadily. I like the photo stories but only if YOU are in them. It gives me a chance to visualize you as a person. Your self-caracatures in the comix didn't do you justice. (*WHAT??!?—ED.*) The photograph in Promethean #5 (you reading High Heels magazine) remains my favorite. But, back to Weirdo... I really liked the "No Hope Diagram." Whole libraries of philosophy pictured on one page. The Max Crumb Drawings—if it was me, I wouldn't have printed them, let alone admitted he was my brother. But you're the editor, and his brother—so it goes. The Terry Boyce Pet Penis story—only in San Francisco! The "Adventures of Onionhead"—your artwork is beautiful. It just fascinates me... I can't describe it in words. Finally, the "Skonk Arms & Bud" story. From long hours of pouring and studying over my copy of the "R. Crumb Checklist" I find that John Holmstrom is an old friend of yours. This must be why you put his story in Weirdo—it couldn't be the art or thematic content of the story, because it just stinks. And last of all, the Church of the Subgenius bit. Your continued inclusion of this material is breaking me down, and I may eventually SPEND the dollar and find out what it's all about. One of the first things I'd like to know is why the Church has as its logo the Dagger Piercing the Winged Watch. This same little piece of Symbolism appears in the last panel of the story "A 4-D Funny with Danny Bo Dimbul In The Pursuit Of The Flaming Mammyjism" in Robert Williams' comix, "Coochy Cooty Men's Comics" No. 1. I know it's only my paranoia, but I feel there must be a connection with the Subgenius Church, Robt. Williams comix, and you, R. Crumb. I could say I wished you would write me and explain it all (I'd love to get a letter from R. Crumb), but I know that THERE'S NO HOPE of that... See how Weirdo is helping me, and why I'll go on buying, and adoring, everything by R. CRUMB....

Your fan,
Ole Askholm
Brandon, Manitoba, Can.

NO, IT ISN'T JUST YOUR PARANOIA, OLE... AS A MATTER OF FACT, A HIT SQUAD FROM MY SECRET TERRORIST ORGANIZATION IS ON ITS WAY UP THERE THIS VERY MINUTE TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY! — ED.

R. CRUMB, EDITOR OF WEIRDO, SEZ:

SOMEBODY HELP ME!

YES HELP ME GET RID OF ALL THESE **BACK ISSUES** THAT ARE PILING UP AROUND HERE! I'M SICK OF LOOKING AT THEM... ENDLESS CARTONS OF UNSOLD COPIES OF THE FIRST FOUR ISSUES OF WEIRDO.... IT'S DEPRESSING...
$3.00 PER COPY OR $10 FOR ALL FOUR ISSUES (INCLUDES POSTAGE)!

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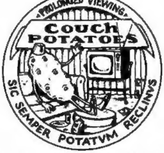
P.O. BOX 212
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
94704



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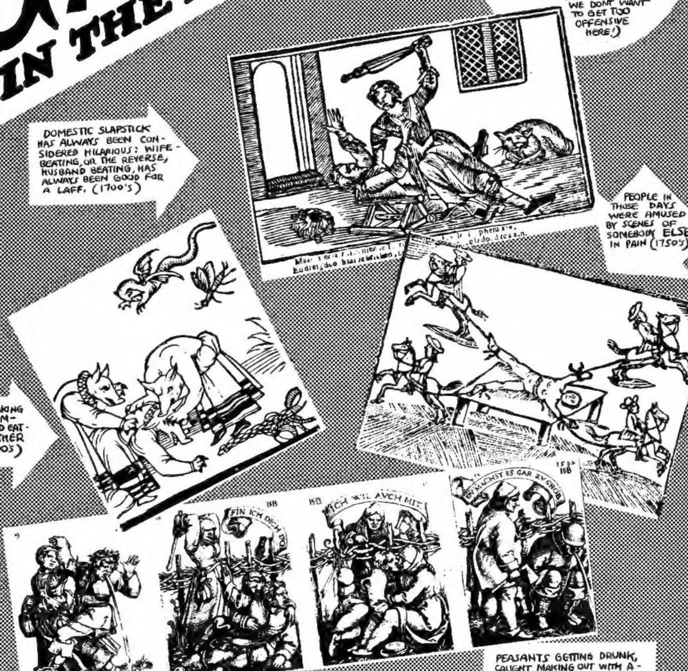
OUR CULTURAL HERITAGE DEPT:

EVER SINCE THE BEGINNING OF PRINT PEOPLE HAVE CIRCULATED THEIR LITTLE CHEAP JOKES ON CARDS, FLYERS, SIGNS, NOVELTIES, PLAQUES, ETC. SOME OF THESE GAGS LIVE ON FOR GENERATIONS. USUALLY, THE ORIGINAL CREATOR REMAINS ANONYMOUS!

Unsung Heroes IN THE HISTORY OF HUMOR

BACK IN THE BAD OLD DAYS THEY LAUGHED AT REALLY CRUDE THINGS. IF YOU ARE "GROSSED OUT" BY SOME OF TODAY'S HUMOR, TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THIS OLD, OLD TIME STUFF. (THESE EXAMPLES ARE ACTUALLY SOME OF THE MORE TAME STUFF... WE DONT WANT TO GET TOO OFFENSIVE HERE!)

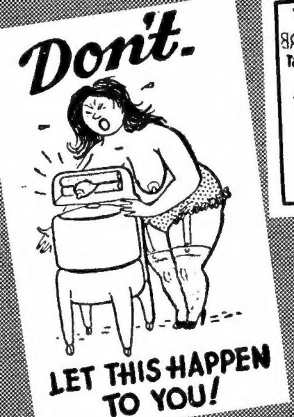


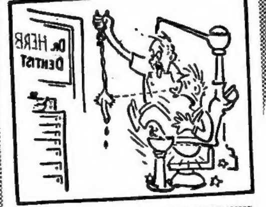
DOMESTIC SLAPSTICK HAS ALWAYS BEEN CONSIDERED HILARIOUS: WIFE-BEATING, OR THE REVERSE, HUSBAND BEATING, HAS ALWAYS BEEN GOOD FOR A LAFF. (1700'S)

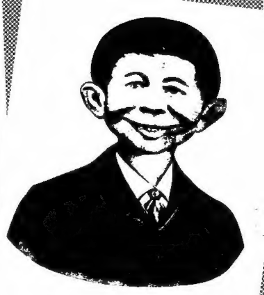
PEOPLE IN THOSE DAYS WERE AMUSED BY SCENES OF SOMEBODY ELSE IN PAIN (1750'S).

WOMEN MAKING PIGS OF THEMSELVES AND EATING EACH OTHER (EARLY 1600'S)

PEASANTS GETTING DRUNK, CAUGHT MAKING OUT WITH ANOTHER WOMAN, THROWING UP, YUKS FOR THE FOLKS BACK IN THE 1500S.


Don't.
LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!

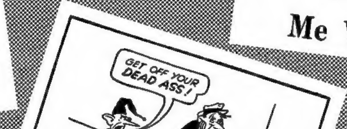

Dr. HERB DENTIST

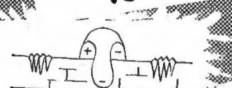


Me Worry?

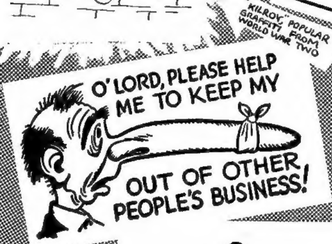
SOME MORE RECENT PERENNIAL FAVORITES

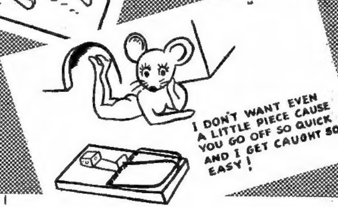
THIS IDIOT IMAGE, POSSIBLY PRE-1900, HAS SUCH POWER THAT ANOTHER HUMOR MAGAZINE HAS BEEN CAPITALIZING ON IT FOR 25 YEARS!


GET OFF YOUR DEAD ASS!

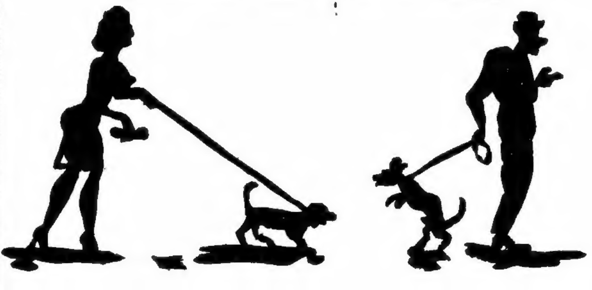


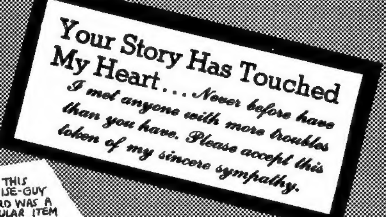
"KILROY," POPULAR GRAFFITI FROM WORLD WAR TWO


O'LORD, PLEASE HELP ME TO KEEP MY
OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS!


I DON'T WANT EVEN A LITTLE PIECE CAUSE YOU GO OFF SO QUICK AND I GET CAUGHT SO EASY!

MAKE A XEROX COPY OF THIS (TO ELIMINATE PRINT ON BACK) AND FOLD ALONG THE NOSE OF THE WOMAN'S DOG. THEN HOLD UP TO LIGHT FOR A REAL CHUCKLE!

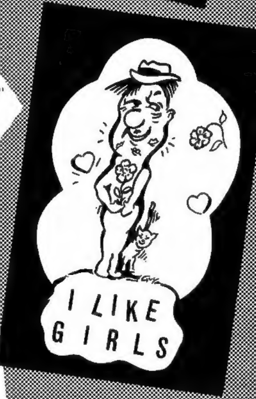




Your Story Has Touched My Heart . . . *Never before have I met anyone with more troubles than you have. Please accept this token of my sincere sympathy.*

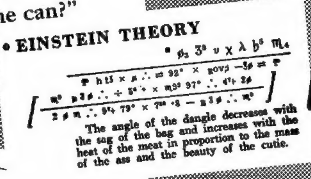
THIS WISE-GUY CARD WAS A POPULAR ITEM FOR YEARS & YEARS.

PLAQUE FROM "HUB CIGAR STORE" IN UKIAH, CALIF.



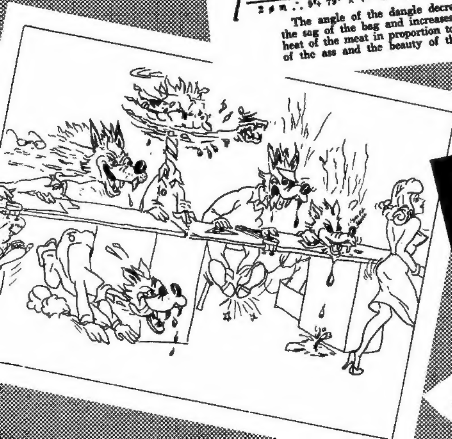
"Rest room? Hell, I ain't tired. Where's the can?"

SIGN SEEN IN MANY OLDER BAR ROOMS

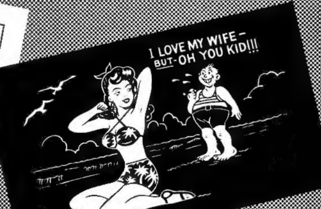


• EINSTEIN THEORY

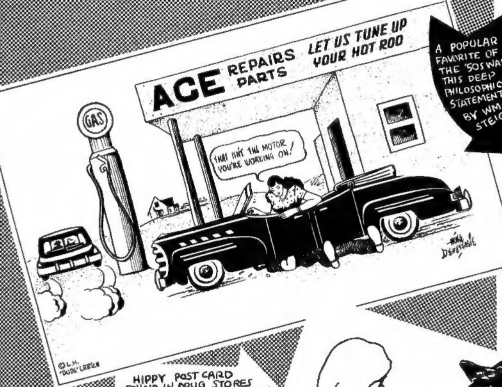
The angle of the dangle decreases with the sag of the bag and increases with the heat of the meat in proportion to the mass of the ass and the beauty of the cutie.



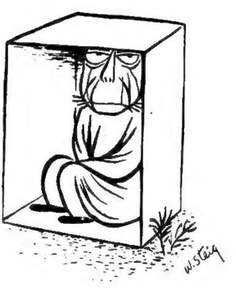
THE LECHEROUS WOLF. WHO KNOWS WHERE THIS IMAGE ORIGINATED?!


I LOVE MY WIFE – BUT – OH YOU KID!!!

A GAG THAT'S BEEN AROUND FOREVER

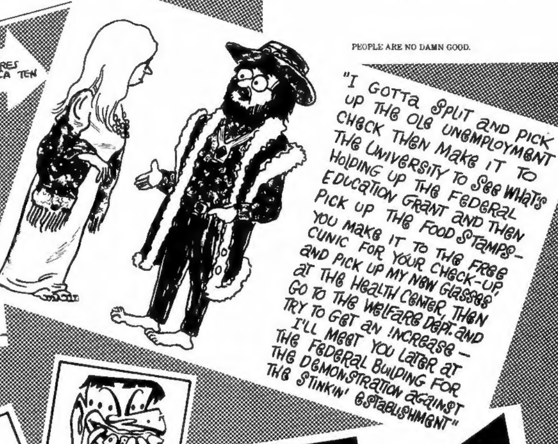

ACE REPAIRS PARTS
LET US TUNE UP YOUR HOT ROD
GAS
THAT AIN'T THE MOTOR YOU'RE WORKING ON!
©L.H. "DUDE" LARSEN

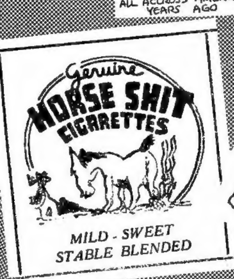
A POPULAR FAVORITE OF THE '50S WAS THIS DEEP PHILOSOPHIC STATEMENT BY WM. STEIG



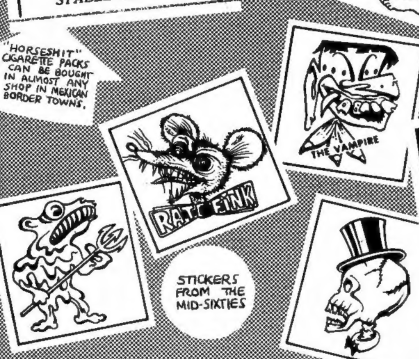
PEOPLE ARE NO DAMN GOOD.

HIPPY POST CARD FOUND IN DRUG STORES ALL ACCROSS AMERICA TEN YEARS AGO


"I GOTTA SPLIT AND PICK UP THE OLE UNEMPLOYMENT CHECK THEN MAKE IT TO THE UNIVERSITY TO SEE WHAT'S HOLDING UP THE FEDERAL EDUCATION GRANT AND THEN PICK UP THE FOOD STAMPS—YOU MAKE IT TO THE FREE CLINIC FOR YOUR CHECK-UP, AND PICK UP MY NEW GLASSES AT THE HEALTH CENTER, THEN GO TO THE WELFARE DEPT. AND TRY TO GET AN INCREASE—I'LL MEET YOU LATER AT THE FEDERAL BUILDING FOR THE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE STINKIN' ESTABLISHMENT"

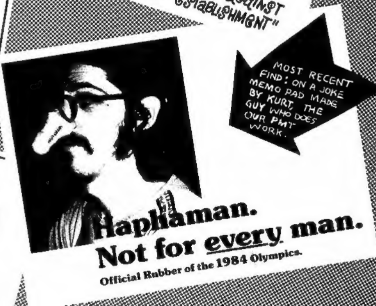

Genuine
HORSE SHIT
CIGARETTES
MILD - SWEET
STABLE BLENDED

"HORSESHIT" CIGARETTE PACKS CAN BE BOUGHT IN ALMOST ANY SHOP IN MEXICAN BORDER TOWNS.

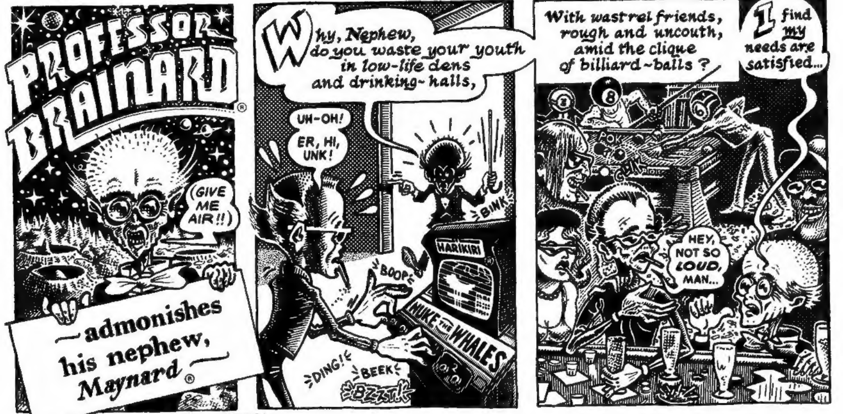

THE VAMPIRE
RAT FINK

STICKERS FROM THE MID-SIXTIES

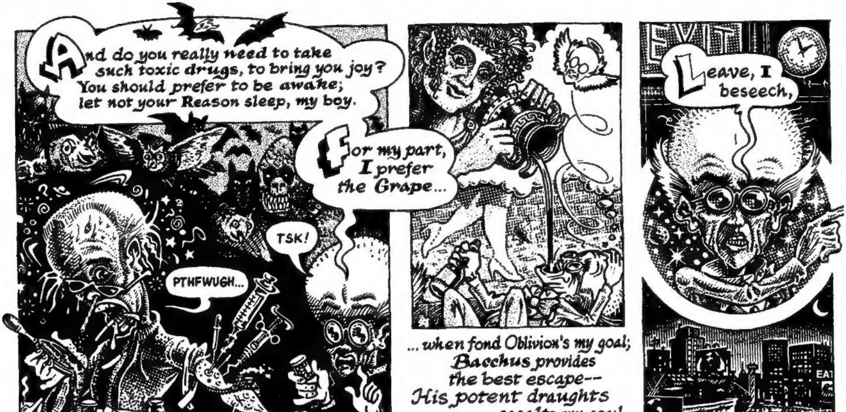
MOST RECENT FIND: ON A JOKE MEMO PAD MADE BY KURT, THE GUY WHO DOES OUR PMT WORK.

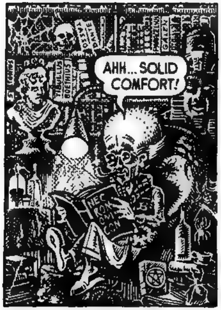

Haphaman.
Not for every man.
Official Rubber of the 1984 Olympics.

© Copyright 1982 by Harry S. Robins

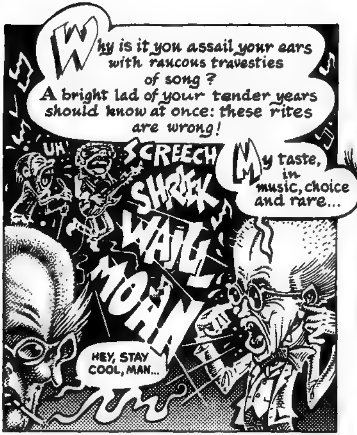

PROFESSOR BRAINARD®
((GIVE ME AIR!!))
—admonishes his nephew, Maynard®—
Why, Nephew, do you waste your youth in low-life dens and drinking-halls,
UH-OH!
ER, HI, UNK!
BINK
HARIKIRI
BOOP
NUKE THE WHALES
DING!
BEEK
BZZT!
With wastrel friends, rough and uncouth, amid the clique of billiard-balls?
I find my needs are satisfied...
POK
HEY, NOT SO LOUD, MAN...

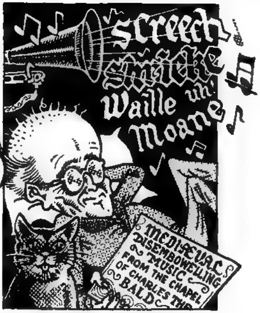
PRI IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA


And do you really need to take such toxic drugs, to bring you joy? You should prefer to be awake; let not your Reason sleep, my boy.
For my part, I prefer the Grape...
TSK!
PTHFWUGH...
...when fond Oblivion's my goal; Bacchus provides the best escape-- His potent draughts exalt my soul.
EXIT
Leave, I beseech,
EAT

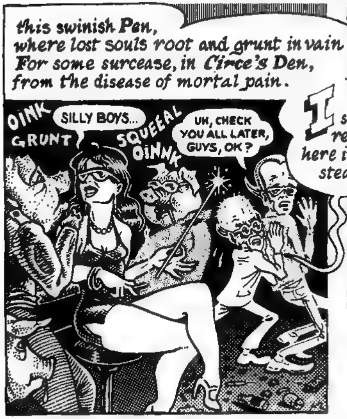

AHH... SOLID COMFORT!
NEC KON OM CON

... when I commune with
ages past,
With no companions but
the tried
and true, whose Works will
ever last.


Why is it you assail your ears with raucous travesties of song? A bright lad of your tender years should know at once: these rites are wrong!
UH
SCREECH
SHRIEK
WAIL
MOAN
My taste, in music, choice and rare...
HEY, STAY COOL, MAN...

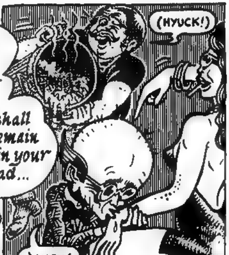

Screech Shrieke Waille un' Moane
MEDIAEVAL DISEMBOWELLING MUSIC FROM THE CHAPEL OF CHARLES THE BALD

... I've taken pains to
cultivate;
On wings of song I leave
dull care--
while soaring with the
truly great.

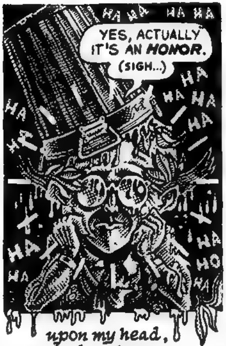


this swinish Pen,
where lost souls root and grunt in vain
For some surcease, in Circe's Den,
from the disease of mortal pain.

OINK
GRUNT
SILLY BOYS...
SQUEEAL
OINNK
UH, CHECK YOU ALL LATER, GUYS, OK?
I shall remain here in your stead...


(HYUCK!)
SMEK
JE SUIS ENCHANTÉ, MADEMOISELLE...

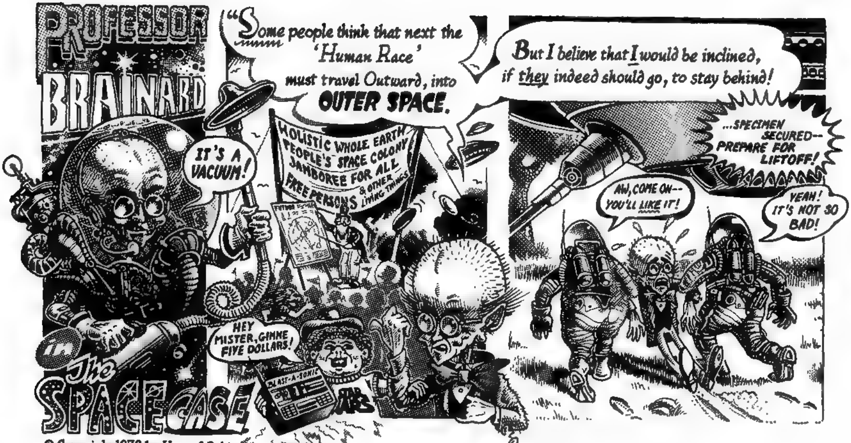
... (the Old have
strength denied the
Young)
Though griefs be heaped


HA HA HA HA
YES, ACTUALLY IT'S AN HONOR.
(SIGH...)
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HO HA

upon my head,
yet find my brows
with garlands hung.

The End

H S R


PROFESSOR BRAINARD in The SPACE CASE
"Some people think that next the 'Human Race' must travel Outward, into OUTER SPACE.
IT'S A VACUUM!
HOLISTIC WHOLE EARTH PEOPLE'S SPACE COLONY JAMBOREE FOR ALL FREE PERSONS & OTHER LIVING THINGS
HEY MISTER, GIMME FIVE DOLLARS!
BLAST-A-SONIC
STAR WARS
But I believe that I would be inclined, if they indeed should go, to stay behind!
...SPECIMEN SECURED-- PREPARE FOR LIFTOFF!
AW, COME ON-- YOU'LL LIKE IT!
YEAH! IT'S NOT SO BAD!

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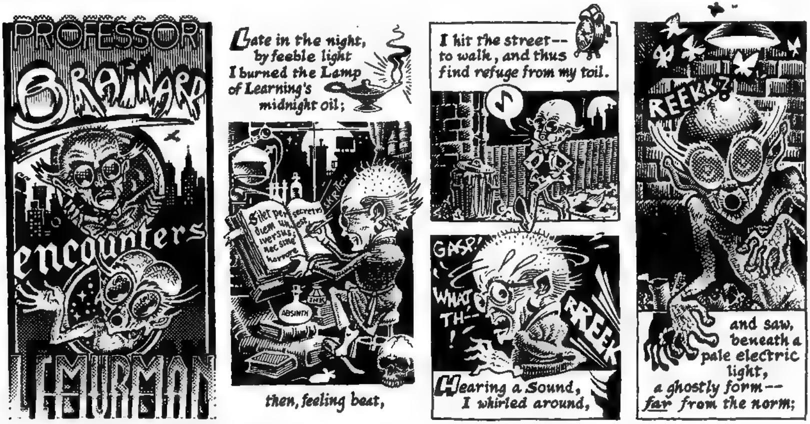
PROFESSOR BRAINARD encounters LEMURMAN
Late in the night, by feeble light I burned the Lamp of Learning's midnight oil;
SKRITCH
ABSINTH
INK
then, feeling beat,
I hit the street-- to walk, and thus find refuge from my toil.
♪
GASP! WHAT TH-!
RREEK
Hearing a Sound, I whirled around,
REEKKZ
and saw, beneath a pale electric light, a ghostly form-- far from the norm;

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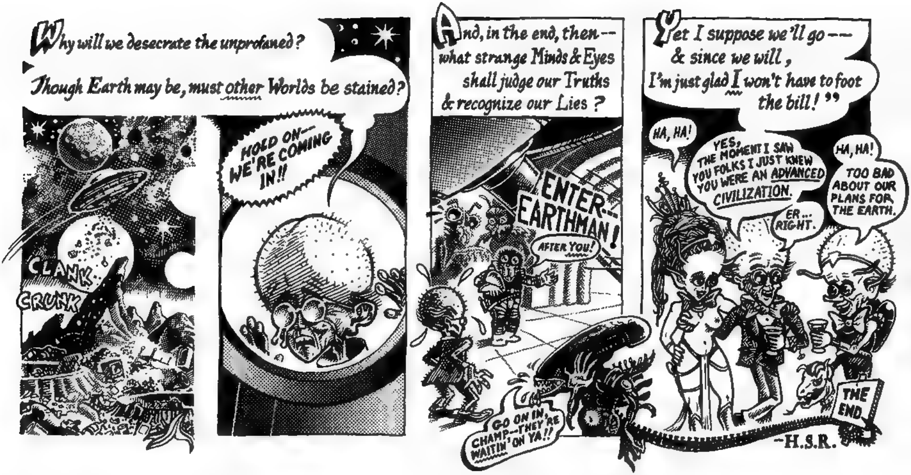
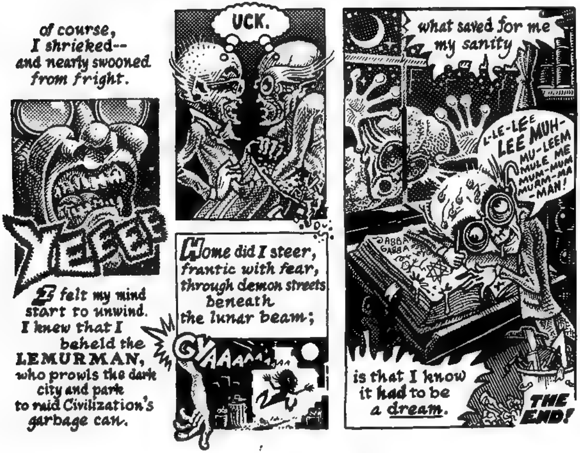
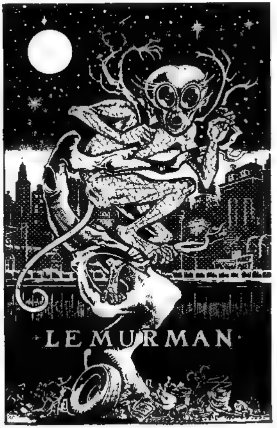

Why will we desecrate the unprofaned?
Though Earth may be, must other Worlds be stained?
CLANK
CRUNK
HOLD ON-- WE'RE COMING IN!!
And, in the end, then-- what strange Minds & Eyes shall judge our Truths & recognize our Lies?
ENTER-- EARTHMAN!
AFTER YOU!
GO ON IN, CHAMP--THEY'RE WAITIN' ON YA!!
Yet I suppose we'll go-- & since we will, I'm just glad I won't have to foot the bill!"
HA, HA!
YES, THE MOMENT I SAW YOU FOLKS I JUST KNEW YOU WERE AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION.
ER... RIGHT.
HA, HA! TOO BAD ABOUT OUR PLANS FOR THE EARTH.
THE END.
-H.S.R.


of course, I shrieked-- and nearly swooned from fright.
YEEEE
I felt my mind start to unwind. I knew that I beheld the LEMURMAN, who prowls the dark city and park to raid Civilization's garbage can.
UCK.
Home did I steer, frantic with fear, through demon streets beneath the lunar beam;
GYAAAA
what saved for me my sanity
L-LE-LEE LEE MUH-MU-LEEM MULE ME MUM-MUM MUM-MA -MAN!
JABBA GABBA
is that I know it had to be a dream.
THE END!


LEMURMAN

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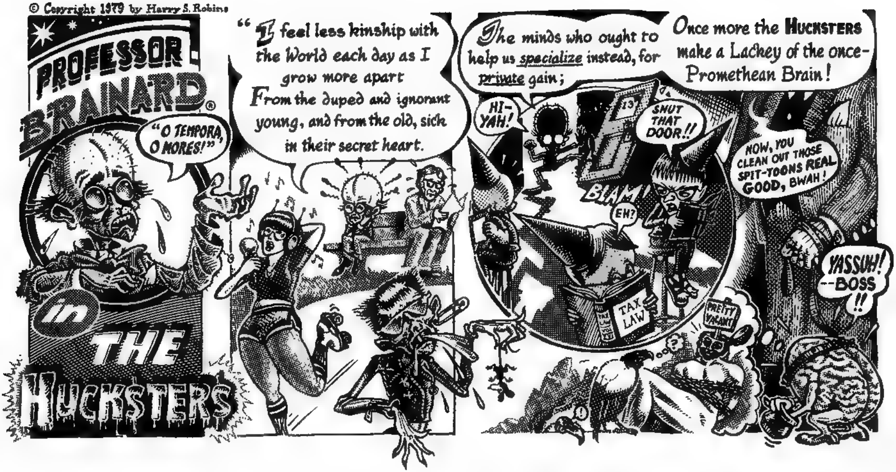
PROFESSOR BRAINARD®
"O TEMPORA, O MORES!"
in THE HUCKSTERS
"I feel less kinship with the World each day as I grow more apart
From the duped and ignorant young, and from the old, sick in their secret heart.
The minds who ought to help us specialize instead, for private gain;
HI-YAH!
13
SHUT THAT DOOR!!
BLAM!
EH?
TAX LAW
Once more the HUCKSTERS make a Lackey of the once-Promethean Brain!
NOW, YOU CLEAN OUT THOSE SPIT-TOONS REAL GOOD, BWAH!
YASSUH! --BOSS !!
PRETTY VACANT

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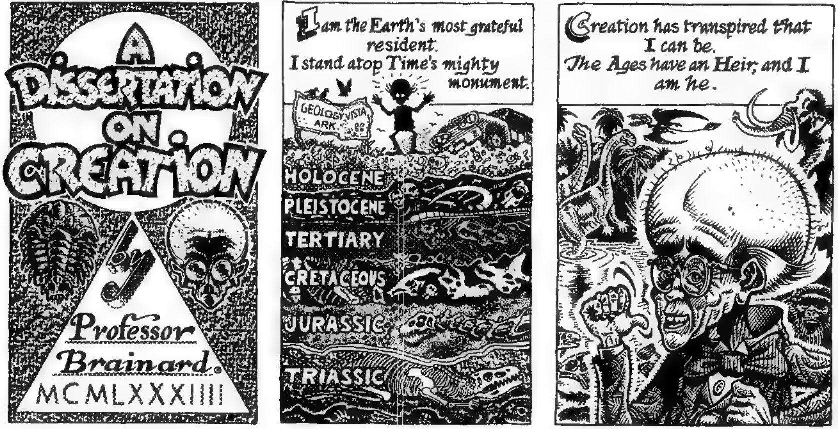
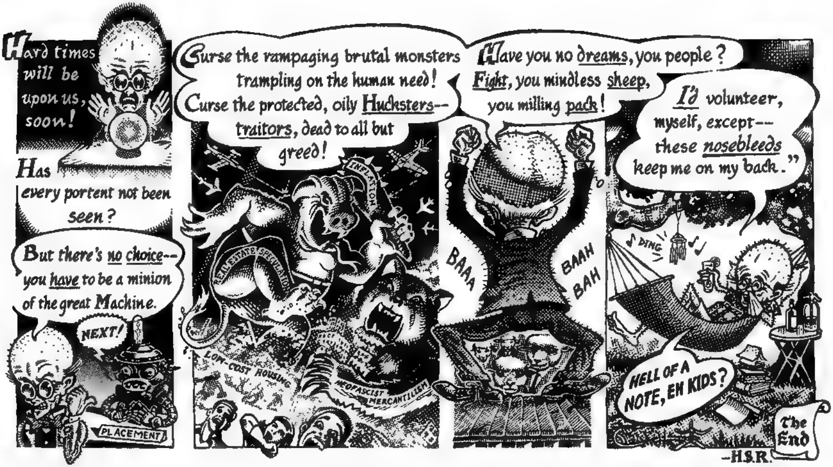
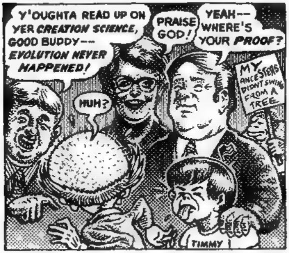

A DISSERTATION ON CREATION
by
Professor Brainard®
MCMLXXXIIII
I am the Earth's most grateful resident.
I stand atop Time's mighty monument.
GEOLOGY VISTA ARK
HOLOCENE
PLEISTOCENE
TERTIARY
CRETACEOUS
JURASSIC
TRIASSIC
Creation has transpired that I can be.
The Ages have an Heir; and I am he.

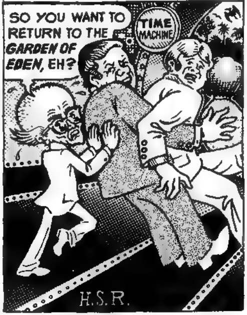

Hard times will be upon us, soon!
Has every portent not been seen?
But there's no choice-- you have to be a minion of the great Machine.
NEXT!
PLACEMENT
Curse the rampaging brutal monsters trampling on the human need! Curse the protected, oily Hucksters-- traitors, dead to all but greed!
INFLATION
REAL ESTATE SPECULATION
LOW-COST HOUSING
NEOFASCIST MERCANTILISM
Have you no dreams, you people? Fight, you mindless sheep, you milling pack!
BAAA
BAAH BAH
I'd volunteer, myself, except-- these nosebleeds keep me on my back."
DING
HELL OF A NOTE, EH KIDS?
The End
-H.S.R.

But now dissonant sounds assault
my ears;
an uninvited, ignorant mob appears.

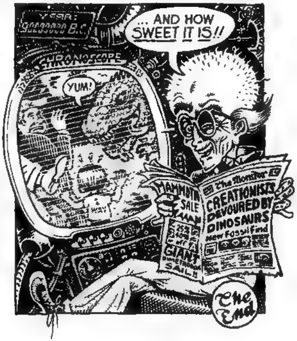

Y'OUGHTA READ UP ON YER CREATION SCIENCE, GOOD BUDDY-- EVOLUTION NEVER HAPPENED!
PRAISE GOD!
YEAH-- WHERE'S YOUR PROOF?
MY ANCESTORS DIDN'T SWING FROM A TREE
HUH?
TIMMY

Who are these upstarts, who
would rob from me
my lineage, my ancient pedigree?

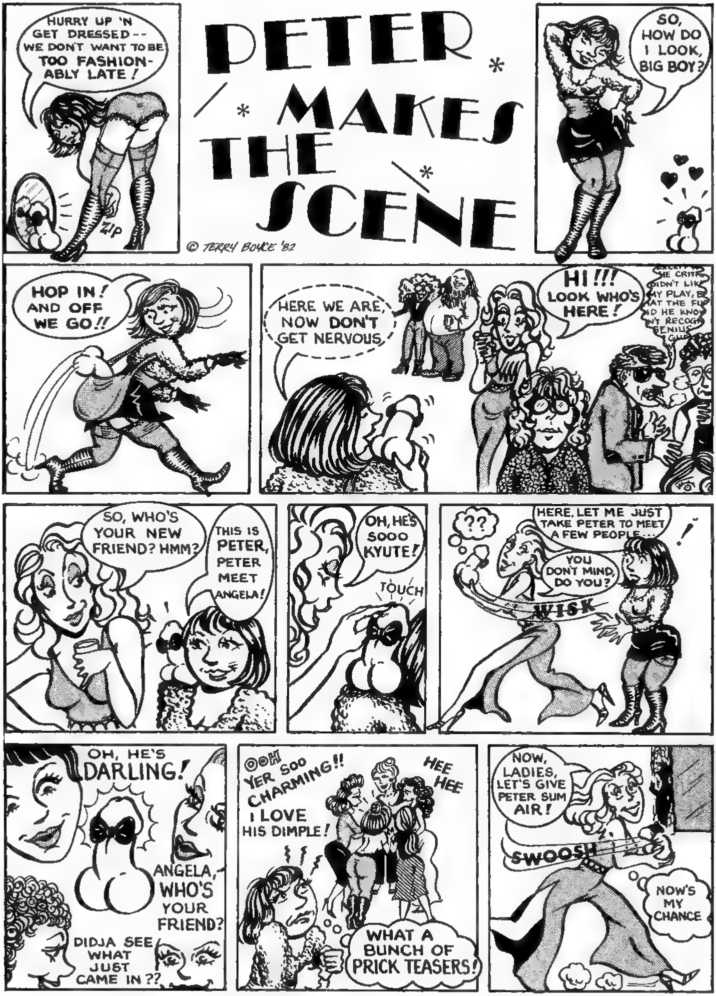
To them I say, keep your
dull dreams! But don't
compel me to accept them--
since I won't.


SO YOU WANT TO RETURN TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN, EH?
TIME MACHINE
H.S.R.

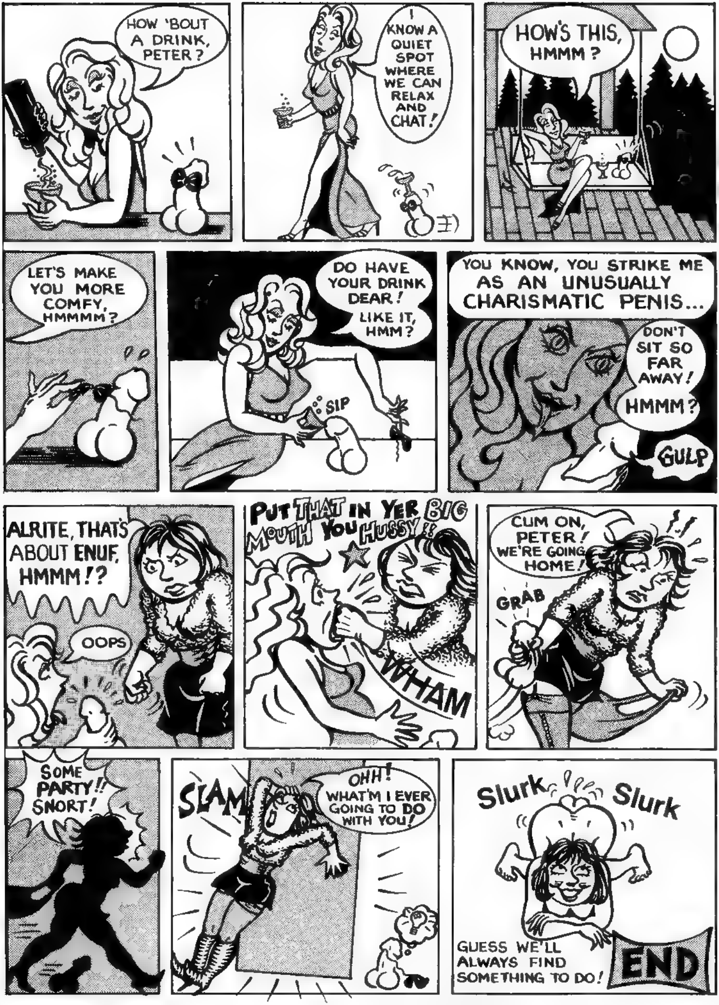
Your arguments are doomed,
for, as you'll learn,
Truth will reveal itself --
when comes its turn.


YEAR: 3000000 B.C.
... AND HOW SWEET IT IS!!
CHRONOSCOPE
YUM!
The Monitor
CREATIONISTS DEVOURED BY DINOSAURS
New Fossil Find
MAMMOTH SALE
GIANT DINETTE SALE
The End

PETER MAKES THE SCENE


HURRY UP 'N GET DRESSED -- WE DON'T WANT TO BE TOO FASHIONABLY LATE!
ZIP
SO, HOW DO I LOOK, BIG BOY?
HOP IN! AND OFF WE GO!!
HERE WE ARE, NOW DON'T GET NERVOUS
HI!!! LOOK WHO'S HERE!
HE CRIT DIDN'T LIK MY PLAY, B AT THE FU D HE KNO N'T RECOG GENIUS GUY
SO, WHO'S YOUR NEW FRIEND? HMM?
THIS IS PETER, PETER MEET ANGELA!
!
OH, HE'S SOOO KYUTE!
TOUCH
??
HERE, LET ME JUST TAKE PETER TO MEET A FEW PEOPLE...
YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?
WISK
!
OH, HE'S DARLING!
ANGELA, WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?
DIDJA SEE WHAT JUST CAME IN??
OOH YER SOO CHARMING!!
HEE HEE
I LOVE HIS DIMPLE!
WHAT A BUNCH OF PRICK TEASERS!
NOW, LADIES, LET'S GIVE PETER SUM AIR!
SWOOSH
NOW'S MY CHANCE

© TERRY BOYCE '82


HOW 'BOUT A DRINK, PETER?
I KNOW A QUIET SPOT WHERE WE CAN RELAX AND CHAT!
HOW'S THIS, HMMM?
LET'S MAKE YOU MORE COMFY, HMMMM?
DO HAVE YOUR DRINK DEAR! LIKE IT, HMM?
SIP
YOU KNOW, YOU STRIKE ME AS AN UNUSUALLY CHARISMATIC PENIS...
DON'T SIT SO FAR AWAY!
HMMM?
GULP
ALRITE, THAT'S ABOUT ENUF, HMMM!?
OOPS
PUT THAT IN YER BIG MOUTH YOU HUSSY!!
WHAM
CUM ON, PETER! WE'RE GOING HOME!
GRAB
SOME PARTY!! SNORT!
SLAM
OHH! WHAT'M I EVER GOING TO DO WITH YOU!
Slurk Slurk
GUESS WE'LL ALWAYS FIND SOMETHING TO DO!
END

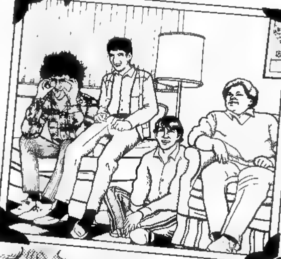
Ricky Dickner's©

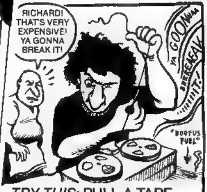
manic ACTIVITY BOOK

for RAINY DAY AND SICK-BED FUN!

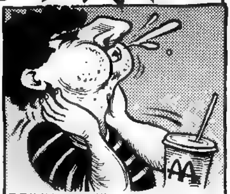
LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN PRETTY DULL WITHOUT RICKY DICKNER. HE'S THE WEIRD GUY ON THE LEFT. THE REST OF US WERE PRETTY NORMAL.

Tom-n-Craig

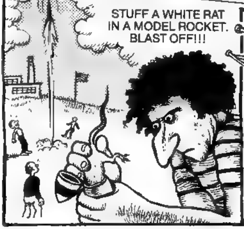



RICHARD! THAT'S VERY EXPENSIVE! YA GONNA BREAK IT!
YA GOONAAA BREEAAK IT!
"DOOFUS FUEL"

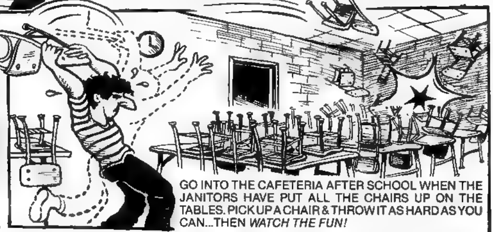
TRY THIS: PULL A TAPE THRU A TAPE RECORDER BY HAND — BE CREATIVE!



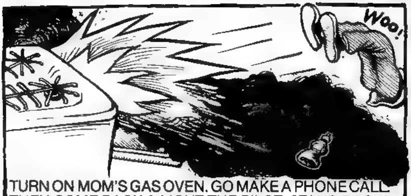
DRINK A VANILLA MILKSHAKE & IMITATE A PEETER GETTING JERKED OFF



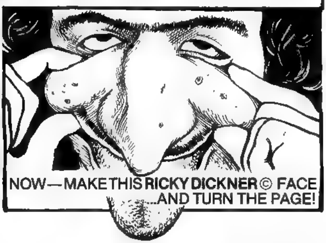
STUFF A WHITE RAT IN A MODEL ROCKET. BLAST OFF!!!



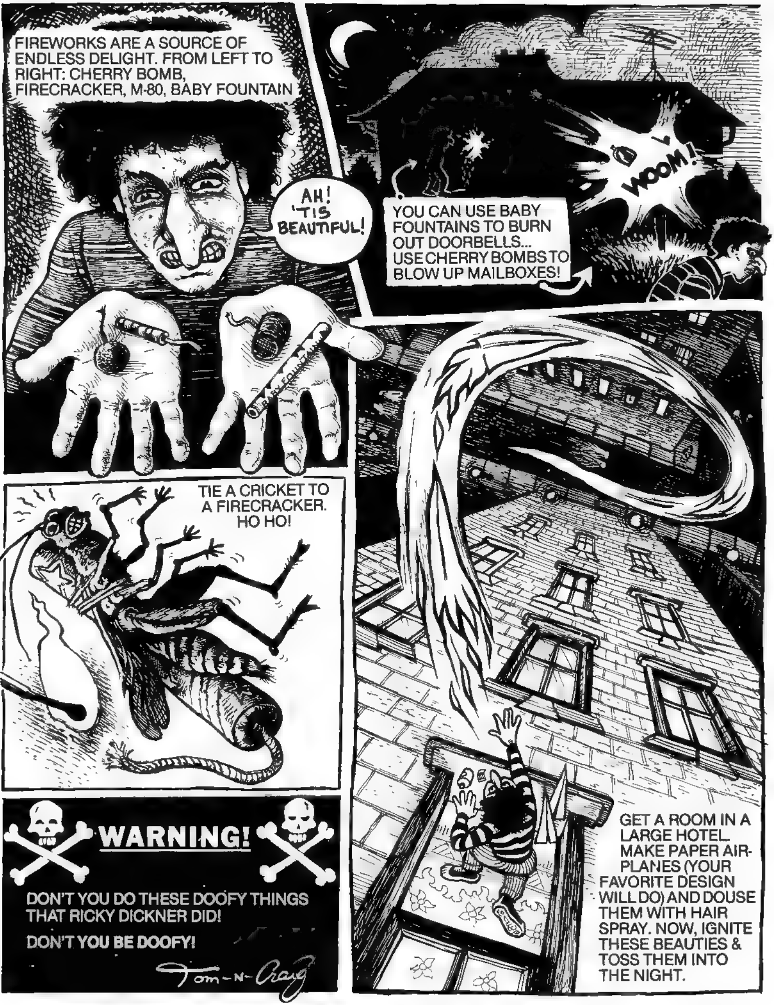
GO INTO THE CAFETERIA AFTER SCHOOL WHEN THE JANITORS HAVE PUT ALL THE CHAIRS UP ON THE TABLES. PICK UP A CHAIR & THROW IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN...THEN *WATCH THE FUN!*



TURN ON MOM'S GAS OVEN. GO MAKE A PHONE CALL THEN COME BACK & LIGHT THE PILOT. STAND BACK!



NOW — MAKE THIS **RICKY DICKNER**© FACE ...AND TURN THE PAGE!

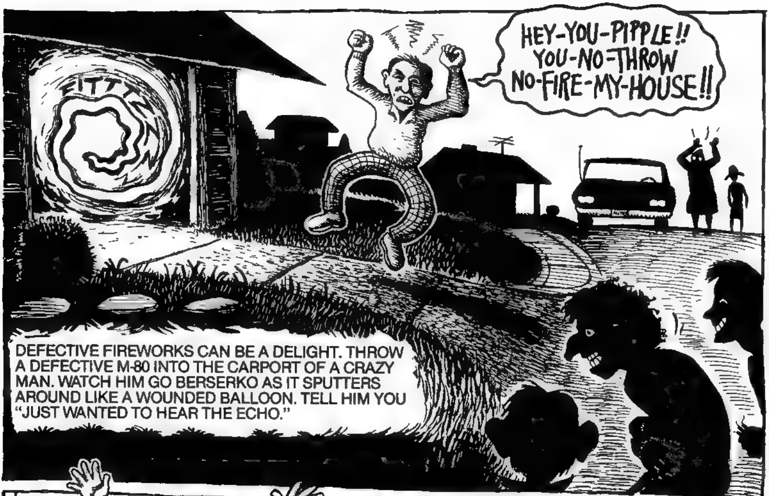

FIREWORKS ARE A SOURCE OF ENDLESS DELIGHT. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: CHERRY BOMB, FIRECRACKER, M-80, BABY FOUNTAIN
AH! 'TIS BEAUTIFUL!
BABY FOUNTAIN
YOU CAN USE BABY FOUNTAINS TO BURN OUT DOORBELLS... USE CHERRY BOMBS TO BLOW UP MAILBOXES!
WOOM!
TIE A CRICKET TO A FIRECRACKER. HO HO!
GET A ROOM IN A LARGE HOTEL. MAKE PAPER AIRPLANES (YOUR FAVORITE DESIGN WILL DO) AND DOUSE THEM WITH HAIR SPRAY. NOW, IGNITE THESE BEAUTIES & TOSS THEM INTO THE NIGHT.

WARNING!

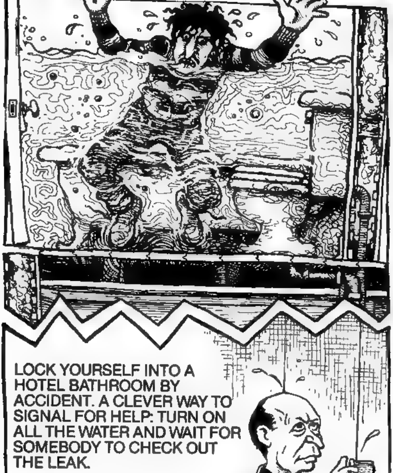
DON'T YOU DO THESE DOOFY THINGS THAT RICKY DICKNER DID!

DON'T **YOU BE DOOFY!**

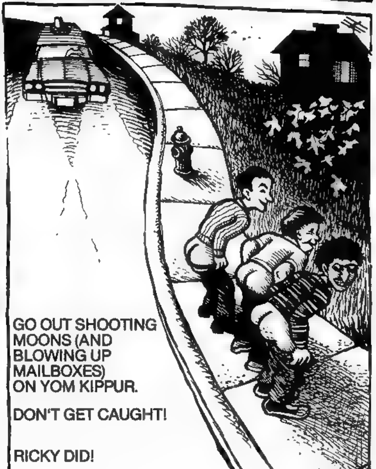
Tom-N-Craig


FITTZNN
HEY-YOU-PIPPLE!! YOU-NO-THROW NO-FIRE-MY-HOUSE!!

DEFECTIVE FIREWORKS CAN BE A DELIGHT. THROW A DEFECTIVE M-80 INTO THE CARPORT OF A CRAZY MAN. WATCH HIM GO BERSERKO AS IT SPUTTERS AROUND LIKE A WOUNDED BALLOON. TELL HIM YOU "JUST WANTED TO HEAR THE ECHO."



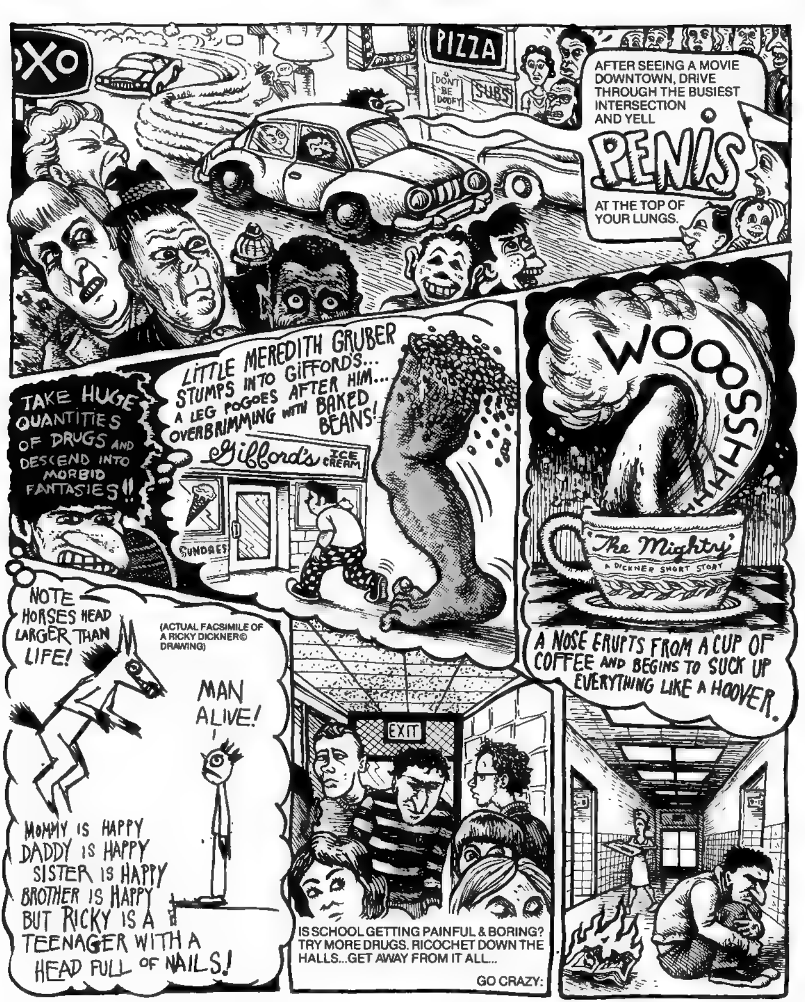
LOCK YOURSELF INTO A HOTEL BATHROOM BY ACCIDENT. A CLEVER WAY TO SIGNAL FOR HELP: TURN ON ALL THE WATER AND WAIT FOR SOMEBODY TO CHECK OUT THE LEAK.



GO OUT SHOOTING MOONS (AND BLOWING UP MAILBOXES) ON YOM KIPPUR.

DON'T GET CAUGHT!

RICKY DID!


OXO
PIZZA
DON'T BE DOOFY
SUBS
OY!
AFTER SEEING A MOVIE DOWNTOWN, DRIVE THROUGH THE BUSIEST INTERSECTION AND YELL
PENIS!
AT THE TOP OF YOUR LUNGS.
TAKE HUGE QUANTITIES OF DRUGS AND DESCEND INTO MORBID FANTASIES!!
LITTLE MEREDITH GRUBER STUMPS INTO GIFFORD'S... A LEG POGOES AFTER HIM... OVERBRIMMING WITH BAKED BEANS!
Gifford's ICE CREAM
SUNDRIES
WOOOSSHHHH
The Mighty
A DICKNER SHORT STORY
A NOSE ERUPTS FROM A CUP OF COFFEE AND BEGINS TO SUCK UP EVERYTHING LIKE A HOOVER.
NOTE — HORSES HEAD LARGER THAN LIFE!
(ACTUAL FACSIMILE OF A RICKY DICKNER© DRAWING)
MAN ALIVE!
MOMMY IS HAPPY DADDY IS HAPPY SISTER IS HAPPY BROTHER IS HAPPY BUT RICKY IS A TEENAGER WITH A HEAD FULL OF NAILS!
EXIT
IS SCHOOL GETTING PAINFUL & BORING? TRY MORE DRUGS. RICOCHET DOWN THE HALLS...GET AWAY FROM IT ALL...
GO CRAZY:

YOU TRY IT!

"SHE JUMPED ON HER PUSH-BIKE AND PEDALLED AWAY!"

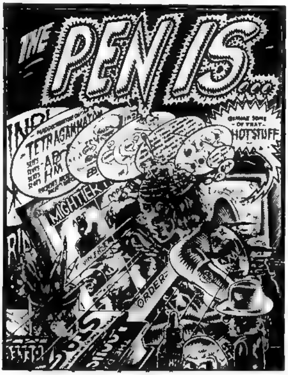
AN
OLD
SONG

"MARY JOINED A CYCLING CLUB
AND SHE RODE FOR LONG
WEEKENDS—
SHE USED TO FREE-WHEEL DOWN
THE HILL, SHE MADE ALOT OF
FRIENDS—
ONE DAY WHEN, HOT FROM
PEDALLING, SHE GOT LEFT
BEHIND—
A STRANGE MAN GRABBED HER
HANDLEBARS– SHE WAS TOO
TIRED TO MIND—"

"HER BICYCLE BRINGS HER
SUCH INNOCENT PLEASURE,
SHE TRAVELS UP HILL AND
DOWN DALE—
HER WHEELS ARE BALL-BEARING,
THEY'VE BEEN SUCH A PLEASURE,
THEY'VE NEVER BEEN KNOWN
TO FAIL—
SHE'LL TELL YOU RIDING IS
HEALTHY AND NICE—
AH BUT FOR ONE'S PLEASURE
ONE MUST PAY THE PRICE—
SHE'S LUCKY 'CAUSE SHE'S ONLY
BEEN PUNCTURED TWICE—
SINCE SHE JUMPED ON HER
PUSH-BIKE AND PEDALLED
AWAY—"

"HER BICYCLE BRINGS HER
SUCH INNOCENT PLEASURE,
SHE TRAVELS UP HILL AND
DOWN DALE—
SHE MET WITH AN ACCIDENT
FAR OFF THE HIGH ROAD—
SHE SOON GOT HELP FROM
A MALE—
WHEN HE TOOK OUT HIS JACK,
HER WHEEL TO ADJUST,
HE SAID 'I'LL PUMP THAT TIRE
UP HONEY, IT'S FLAT IN
THE DUST—'
BUT SHE WAS AFRAID HER
INNERTUBE MIGHT BUST–
SO SHE JUMPED ON HER
PUSH-BIKE AND PEDALLED
AWAY—"

"HER BICYCLE BRINGS HER
SUCH INNOCENT PLEASURE,
SHE TRAVELS UP HILL AND
DOWN DALE—
WHEN DARKNESS WAS FALLING
SHE FOUND SHE'D NO MATCHES,
AND SHE HAD TO PEDAL
HOME LIKE A SNAIL—
AT LIGHTING-UP TIME, A
YOUNG MAN SHE DID VAMP—
SHE SAID, 'WHOO, I CAN'T
LIGHT UP, MY OIL MUST
BE DAMP—
HE SAID, 'HONEY, ALL YOU
NEED IS A NEW WICK IN
YOUR LAMP—
SO SHE JUMPED ON HER
PUSH-BIKE AND PEDALLED
AWAY!"



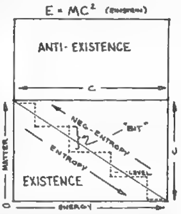
BINARY SYSTEMS ANALYSIS PRIMER

BY

OISIF EGAUX

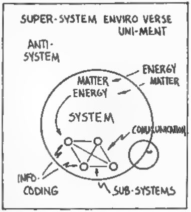
©1981

ALL IS EXISTENCE OR NON-EXISTENCE! EXISTENCE IS IN TWO TRANSFORMABLE FORMS! MATTER AND ENERGY! MATTER EXISTS OR DOES NOT AT DIFFERENT LEVELS! THE MORE ENERGY AS MATTER THE LARGER THE PARTICLE! TRANSFORMATION OF ENERGY TO MATTER IS LIFE! TRANSFORMATION OF MATTER TO ENERGY IS DEATH! ENERGY IS TRANSFORMED TO MATTER THROUGH BITS OF INFORMATION! ENTROPY IS THE NATURAL TENDENCY OF ALL MATTER TO DEGENERATE TO IT'S LOWEST ENERGY STATE! NEG-ENTROPY IS THE TENDENCY OF ENERGY TO TRANSFORM INTO MATTER! NEG-ENTROPY WAS THE ORIGINAL FORM OF THE UNIVERSE AND TIME IS THE EFFECT OF ENTROPY! NEG-E IS ORDERED INFORMATION BITS!

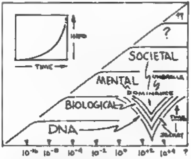


ORDERED INFORMATION BITS FORM SYSTEMS! A SYSTEM IS A GROUP OF INFORMATION BITS AROUND WHICH A BOUNDARY CAN BE DRAWN!, WHERE THERE IS GREATER INTERNAL COMMUNICATION WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES THAN ACROSS THE BOUNDARIES! THE ORDERED INFORMATION (CODING) SERVES TO PROLONG THE SURVIVAL OF THE SYSTEM (OR IT WOULD NOT EXIST)! ALL SYSTEMS ARE MADE OF SUB-SYSTEMS AND RELATE WITH OTHER SYSTEMS TO FORM SUPER-SYSTEMS! SUB-SYSTEMS AND SUPER-SYSTEMS ARE SYSTEMS! ECOLOGY IS THE RELATIONSHIP-COMMUNICATION BETWEEN SYSTEMS! EVOLUTION IS THE CHANGE OF SYSTEMS OVER TIME! SYSTEMS PRECEDENCE IS PARTICLES, ATOMS, MATTER, ORGANISMS, CELLS, ORGANS, ANIMALS/PLANTS, SOCIETIES, WORLDS, GALAXIES, UNIVERSES! FOR HUMAN SYSTEMS THERE ARE THREE CODING SYSTEMS (ORDERING OF INFORMATION BITS)! THEY APPLY RESPECTIVELY TO THE CODED SUB-SYSTEM, SYSTEM, AND SUPER-SYSTEM! ONE, DNA CODING WHICH DETERMINES ORGANIC BEHAVIOR INHERITED FROM REPTILIAN ANTE-CEDENTS! IT IS CODED CHEMICALLY, TRANSFERRED THROUGH SEX AND MUTATES THRU CHEMICAL CHANGES! TWO, CODING OF THE CORTEX/BRAIN WHICH DETERMINES LEARNED BEHAVIOR INHERITED FROM PRIMATES! IT IS CODED ELECTRICALLY, TRANSFERRED THROUGH LANGUAGE AND MUTATES THROUGH DEVIANT BEHAVIOR! THREE, SOCIAL CODING WHICH DETERMINES SOCIAL BEHAVIOR & IS DIRECTED FROM THE SUPER-SYSTEM! IT IS HARD-CODED ENVIRONMENTALLY (MECHANICALLY & ELECTRICALLY) AND EVOLVES INDEPENDENT OF HUMANS THROUG DIALECTAL MATERIALISM! FOR HUMANS, EXISTENCE IS ONLY PERCENED! PERCEPTION IS EXISTENCE! PERCEPTION IS THE STORAGE OF ON/OFF SIGNALS FROM THE SENSES! ON/OFF SIGNALS ARE ASSOCIATED AS SYSTEMIC CONCEPTS (LOGIC)! CONCEPTS ARE TRANSFERRED BETWEEN HUMAN SYSTEMS THROUGH LANGUAGE! LANGUAGE DEFINES SYSTEMS FROM OTHER SYSTEMS AND DEFINES THE PRECEDENCE OF SUBSYSTEMS & SUPERSYSTEMS (PHILOSOPHY)! FOR SOCIETIES CODING IS INCORPORATED IN DIFFERENT SUBSYSTEM INSTITUTIONS! EDUCATION: EMBODIES CODING IN BOOKS AND TEACHERS AND TRANSMITS IT TO NEW CELLS! LAW: CODES BEHAVIOR WHICH IS ACCEPTABLE TO INSURE SURVIVAL OF SOCIETAL INSTITUTIONS! POLICE: ENFORCE LAWS INTERNALLY (FEEDBACK)! RELIGION: DEFINES GOOD AND EVIL IN TERMS OF SOCIETAL SURVIVAL, ENFORCES "GOOD" AND SURRENDERS POWER TO GOVERNMENT! ECONOMY/INDUSTRY: THROUGH MACHINERY AND COMPUTERS HARD-CODES ECONOMIC BEHAVIOR! ARMIES: MEANS BY WHICH COMPETITIVE SOCIETIES SURVIVE/EXIST! CULTURE: FASHION: INCREASE INTERNAL COMMUNICATION WITHIN A SOCIETY TO DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN OTHERS! SCIENCE: MUTATION OF ECONOMIC MEANS OF ENERGY/MATTER TRANSFER THROUGH MORE EFFICIENT TOOLS & WEAPONS! MEDICINE/PSYCHOLOGY: MAINTAIN INTEGRITY OF ORGANISM AND CHANGE BRAIN CODING TO CONFORM TO SOCIETY! SOCIETY HAS DEVELOPED FROM A RELATIVELY cont.

SYSTEMS



EVOLUTION

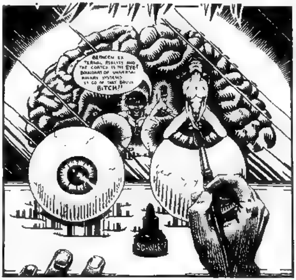


LOGIC & PHILOSOPHY

BACKGROUND ON
AUTHOR BY
— C K NEAL —

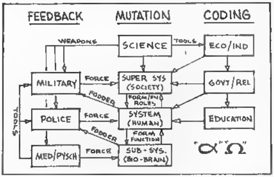
THE AUTHOR: THE AUTHOR HAS A B.S. & M.S. IN INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING AND OPERATIONS RESEARCH FROM CORNELL UNIVERSITY (1969-70) AND IS A VETERAN OF THE VIETNAM ERA CONFLICT, ARTILLERY BALLISTICS METEOROLOGIST, SP4, GIESSEN, GERMANY (1970-72) SERVED FROM 1972-77 AS CHIEF OF INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING AT GENERAL DYNAMICS ELECTRIC BOAT FOR CONSTRUCTION OF NUCLEAR ATTACK AND MISSILE SUBMARINES FOR M.A.D. (MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION) E.G. THERMONUCLEAR TRIAD PRIMARILY RESPONSIBLE FOR DIRECT LABOR COST/PRODUCTIVITY AND PREPARATION OF $1 BILLION FRAUDULENT CLAIM AGAINST THE U.S. NAVY TO RE-COUP COST OVERRUNS AS A RESULT OF MIS-MANAGEMENT SINCE 1977 SERVED AS MANAGER OF CORPORATE DATA SYSTEMS DEVELOPMENT FOR UNITED NUCLEAR CORP AND MANAGER OF PRODUCTION CONTROL AT NAVAL PRODUCTS DIV (MFG OF REACTOR CORES) UNC LARGEST INDEPENDENT PRODUCER OF URANIUM ORE (SEE GALLUP, N.M. TAILINGS SPILL) AND OPERATES ON A CONTRACT BASIS MINES FOR THE TVA AND REACTORS MFG WEAPONS GRADE PLUTONIUM AT HANFORD, WASH. NOW DIVERSIFYING INTO AUTO PROD LINES & ROBOT MACH TOOLS CF. FT LAUDERDALE CONDO.

BINAR! SYSTEMS REVEALED

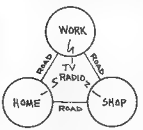

BETWEEN EX TERNAL REALITY AND THE CORTEX IS THE EYE! BOUNDARY OF UNIVERSAL BINARY SYSTEMS LET GO OF THAT BRAIN BITCH!!

MINOR ROLE TO A DOMINANT ONE WHERE EVEN HUMAN BEHAVIOR HAS BEEN CO-OPTED FOR SOCIETAL PURPOSES (INCLUDING SEX AND VIOLENCE)! SOCIETAL SYSTEMS RELATE AND FUNCTION WITH ONE ANOTHER IN TWO MODES, CO-OPERATIVE AND COMPETITIVE! CO-OPERATION IS LOVE-SEXUAL, ASSOCIATED WITH EASTERN PHILOSOPHIES/RELIGION BHUDDA/MARX AND COMMUNIST/GO ECONOMY/GAMES! COMPETITION IS VIOLENT-DOMINANT, ASSOCIATED WITH WESTERN PHILOSOPHIES/RELIGION JESUS-POPE/ROCKEFELLER AND CAPITALIST-IMPERIALIST/CHESS ECONOMY GAMES! SOCIETAL SYSTEMS IN WESTERN SOCIETY DEFINE HUMANS IN THEIR SOCIETAL ROLES AS WORKER, CONSUMER, AND OCCUPANT! THESE ROLES ARE DEFINED IN THE OFFICE/FACTORY, SHOPS/STORES AND HOMES! ALL ARE JOINED BY ROADS AND SHIFTING FROM ONE ROLE TO ANOTHER TAKES PLACE IN A CAR! TV AND RADIOS PROVIDE CONTINUAL UNIFORM CODING IN ALL ROLES AND TRANSFORMATION BETWEEN ROLES!

SOCIETAL SYSTEMS


FEEDBACK
MUTATION
CODING
WEAPONS
SCIENCE
TOOLS
ECO/IND
MILITARY
FORCE
SUPER SYS (SOCIETY)
GOVT/REL
FODDER
FORM/FN ROLES
POLICE
FORCE
SYSTEM (HUMAN)
EDUCATION
TOOLS
FODDER
FORM FUNCTION
MED/PYSCH
FORCE
SUB-SYS. (BIO-BRAIN)
"α" "Ω"

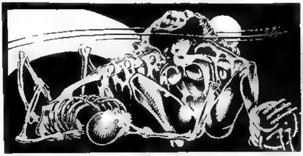
THE ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH HUMANS EVOLVED IS SO DIFFERENT FROM TODAY'S ENVIRONMENT THAT HUMANS AND THE CURRENT ENVIRONMENT ARE NOT COMPATIBLE! THE NATURE OF HUMANS IS SUBORDINATE TO AND BEING CHANGED TO CONFORM WITH THE REQUIREMENTS OF SOCIETY! MAN MUST UNDERSTAND HIMSELF AND DIRECT SOCIETAL CODING TO THE CODED PLEASURE COMPATIBLE WITH HIS BEHAVIORAL DNA CODING! HOWEVER MAN ATTEMPTING TO MANAGE IS COMICAL! TAMPERING WITH DNA CODING OCCURS NATURALLY BUT TAMPERING WITH DNA CODING BY SOCIETAL FORCE IS THE NEXT STEP IN THE OFFING! THE ARTIST PLAYS A ROLE WHICH DOES NOT FIT INTO STANDARD ECONOMIC ROLES AND THEREFORE IS NOT REWARDED! UNDERGROUND/SATIRICAL/HORROR/SCI-FI/HUMOR/SURREALISM/SEX-DRUGS-ROCK AND ROLL/POETRY/ ARE ATTEMPTS TO EXAMINE THE SOCIETAL/HUMAN CODING/BOUNDARIES AND IDENTIFY CONFLICTS WITH THE NATURE OF MAN! THIS SELDOM TAKES A REAL REVOLUTIONARY ASPECT WHICH CANNOT BE CO-OPTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOCIETY! WHEN IT DOES IT IS SUBJECT TO CENSORSHIP, LEGAL RESTRICTIONS AND ABUSE! EVERY SYSTEM HAS AN INVERSE WHERE THE BOUNDARIES BECOME THE SYSTEM AND THE SYSTEMS THE BOUNDARIES! THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE UG ARTIST! THE BLACK OF THE PEN AND WHITE OF THE PAPER DEFINES EXISTENCE/NON-EXISTENCE! INVERSELY THE PEN LINE DEFINES THE BOUNDARY! THE 3-DIMENSIONAL DEFINITION OF OBJECTS BY LIGHT IS DUPLICATED BY THE 2-DIMENSIONAL APPLICATION OF DARKNESS!


WORK
ROAD
ROAD
TV
RADIO
HOME
ROAD
SHOP

PORNO-BONDAGE SCENARIO "Q"

THE MAD TRIAD "♀"

OISIF EGAUX



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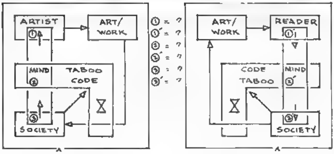
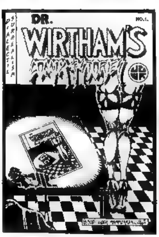

ARTIST
①
ART/WORK
MIND
②
TABOO CODE
③
SOCIETY
① = ?
①' = ?
② = ?
②' = ?
③ = ?
③' = ?
ART/WORK
READER
①'
CODE TABOO
MIND
②'
③'
SOCIETY

PLEASE SEND YOUR ORDER TO=

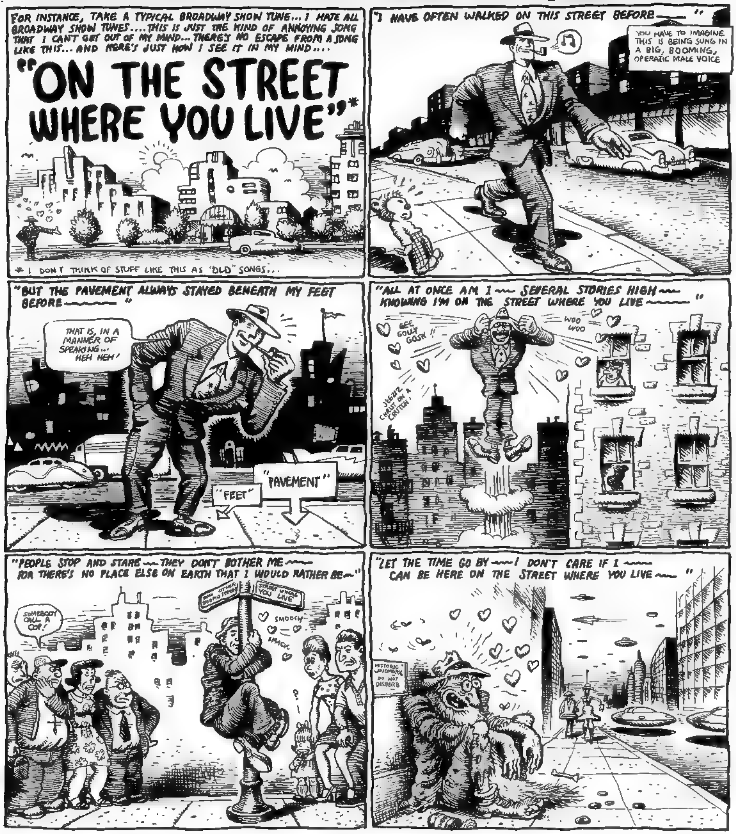
CLIFFORD NEAL
378 JUDSON AVE.
MYSTIC, CONN.
06355

NAME=
ADDRESS=
CITY-TOWN=
STATE=
ZIP CODE=
ADULTS ONLY OVER 18= YES ____


DR.
NO. 1
WIRTHAM'S

HAVEN'T WE ALL HAD THE EXPERIENCE WHERE SOME FAMILIAR SONG KEEPS RUNNING THROUGH YOUR HEAD ALL DAY LONG WHILE YOU'RE GOING ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, AND SOMETIMES YOUR MIND SORT OF OFF-HANDEDLY CONJURES UP VISUAL IMAGES OF THE LYRICS OF THE SONG? HAVEN'T YOU HAD THAT EXPERIENCE LOTS OF TIMES IN YOUR LIFE?? YOU HAVEN'T? NEVER?? OH.........WELL, MAYBE I'M DIFFERENT...BEING AN ARTIST WITH A VIVID IMAGINATION AND ALL LIKE THAT... I ALWAYS SEE VISUAL IMAGES OF SONG LYRICS IN MY HEAD....TOO BAD YOU HAVE SUCH A MUNDANE, PEDESTRIAN, WORKADAY, DULL BRAIN... NOT A DAZZLING VISIONARY AND SPARKLING WIT LIKE ME... SO THE POINT IS, SOMETIMES I GET THESE DOPEY VISUAL IMAGES OF SONG LYRICS STUCK IN MY MIND AND THEY ARE SO INANE AND IRRITATING... OTHER TIMES, IF IT'S A GOOD SONG, THE IMAGES ARE RICH & ENJOYABLE .. IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE SONG... AND WHAT I'VE FOUND IS THAT...........

THE OLD SONGS ARE THE BEST SONGS


FOR INSTANCE, TAKE A TYPICAL BROADWAY SHOW TUNE... I HATE ALL BROADWAY SHOW TUNES.... THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF ANNOYING SONG THAT I CAN'T GET OUT OF MY MIND... THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM A SONG LIKE THIS... AND HERE'S JUST HOW I SEE IT IN MY MIND....
"ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE"*
* I DON'T THINK OF STUFF LIKE THIS AS "OLD" SONGS...
"I HAVE OFTEN WALKED ON THIS STREET BEFORE—— "
YOU HAVE TO IMAGINE THIS IS BEING SUNG IN A BIG, BOOMING, OPERATIC MALE VOICE
"BUT THE PAVEMENT ALWAYS STAYED BENEATH MY FEET BEFORE—— "
THAT IS, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING... HEH HEH!
"PAVEMENT"
"FEET"
"ALL AT ONCE AM I —— SEVERAL STORIES HIGH —— KNOWING I'M ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE —— "
GEE GOLLY GOSH !!
WOO WOO
JEEZIZ CHRIST ON A CRUTCH!
"PEOPLE STOP AND STARE —— THEY DON'T BOTHER ME —— FOR THERE'S NO PLACE ELSE ON EARTH THAT I WOULD RATHER BE—"
SOMEBODY CALL A COP!
STREET WHERE YOU LIVE
SMOOSH
SMACK
"LET THE TIME GO BY —— I DON'T CARE IF I —— CAN BE HERE ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE —— "
HISTORIC LANDMARK DO NOT DISTURB

"On The Street Where You Live" by Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe
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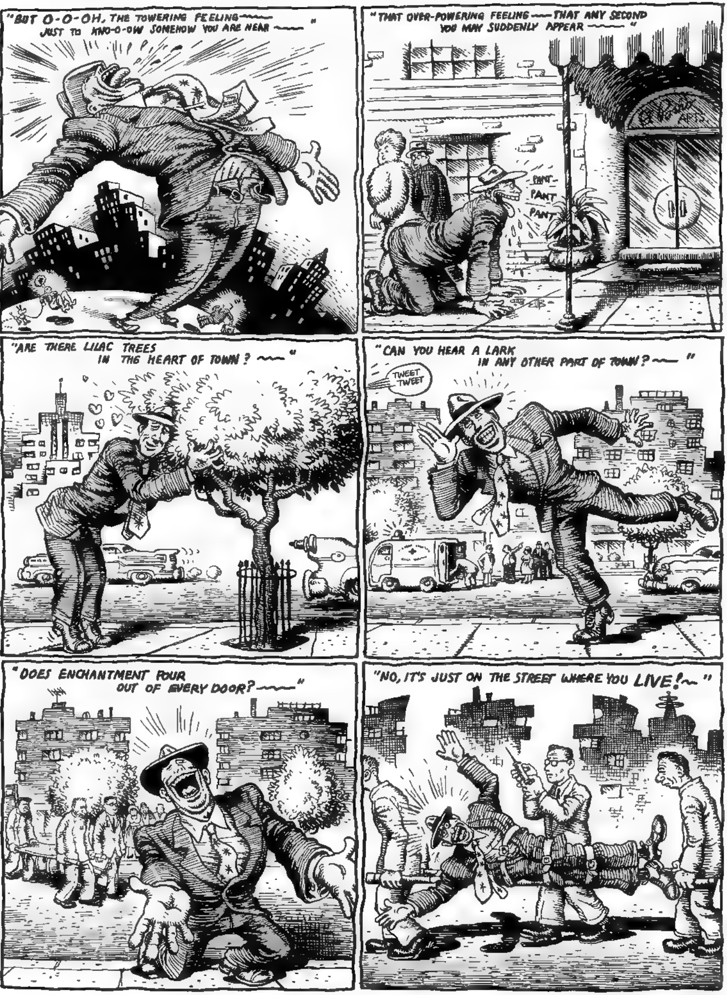
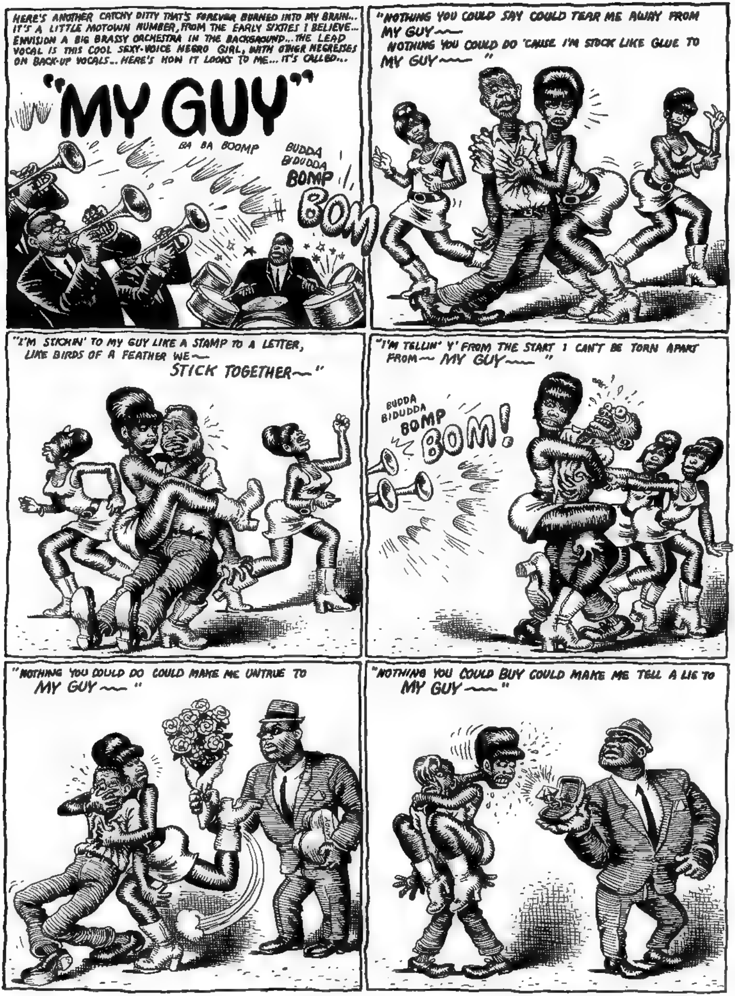
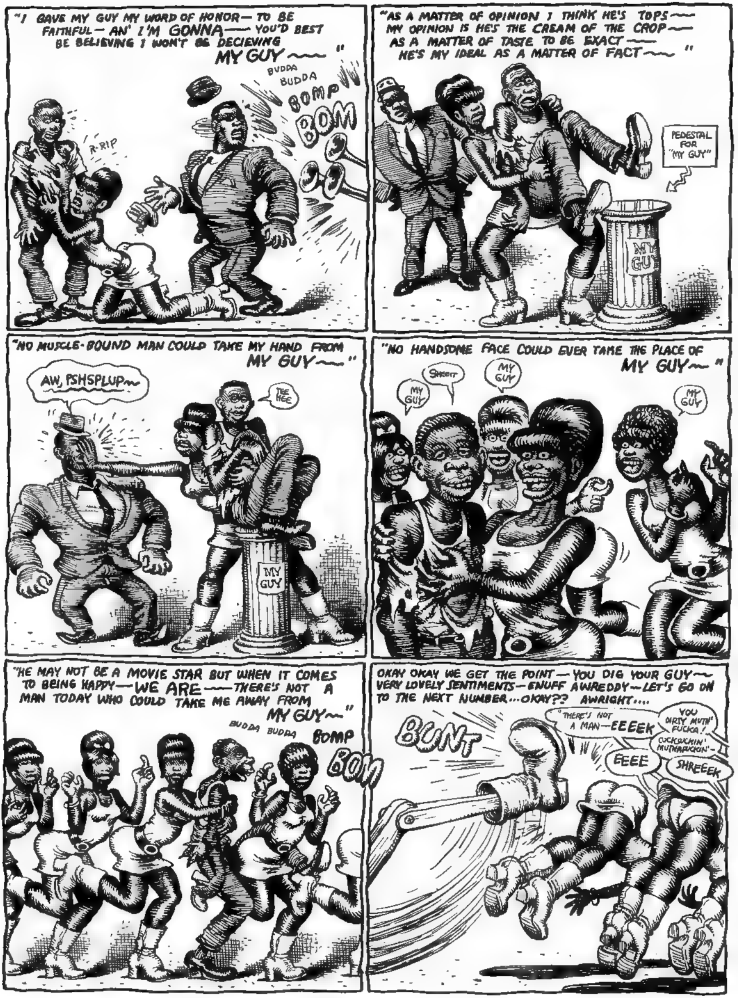
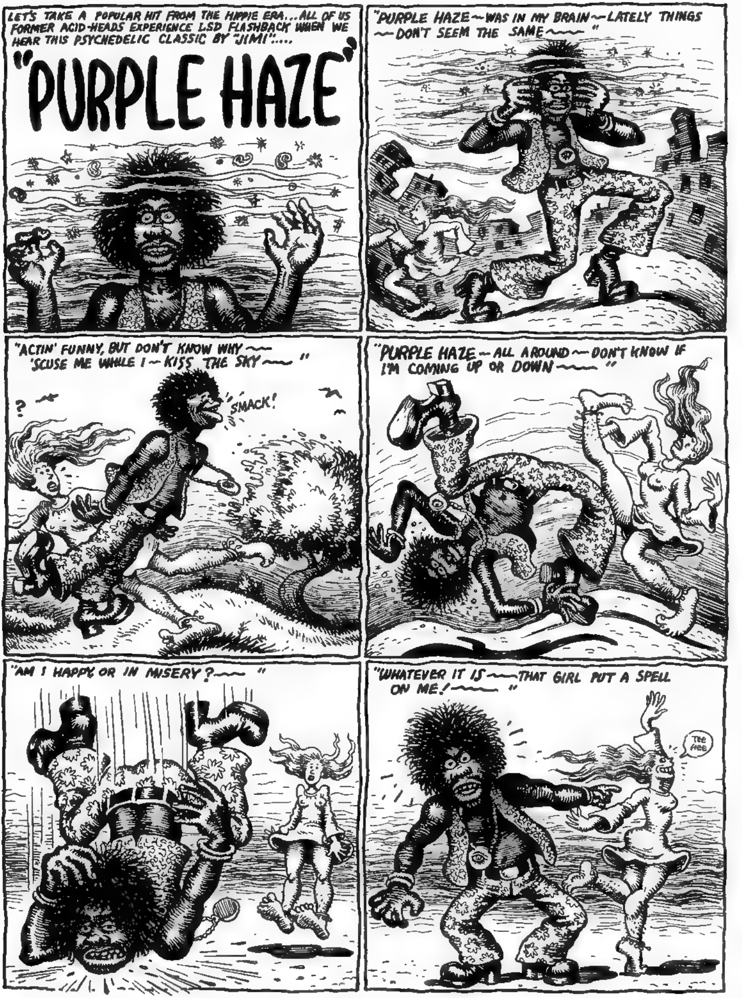

"BUT O-O-OH, THE TOWERING FEELING——
JUST TO KNO-O-OW SOMEHOW YOU ARE NEAR —— "
"THAT OVER-POWERING FEELING ——THAT ANY SECOND
YOU MAY SUDDENLY APPEAR —— "
APTS.
PANT-
PANT
PANT
PANT
"ARE THERE LILAC TREES
IN THE HEART OF TOWN? —— "
"CAN YOU HEAR A LARK
IN ANY OTHER PART OF TOWN? —— "
TWEET
TWEET
"DOES ENCHANTMENT POUR
OUT OF EVERY DOOR? ——"
"NO, IT'S JUST ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE! —"

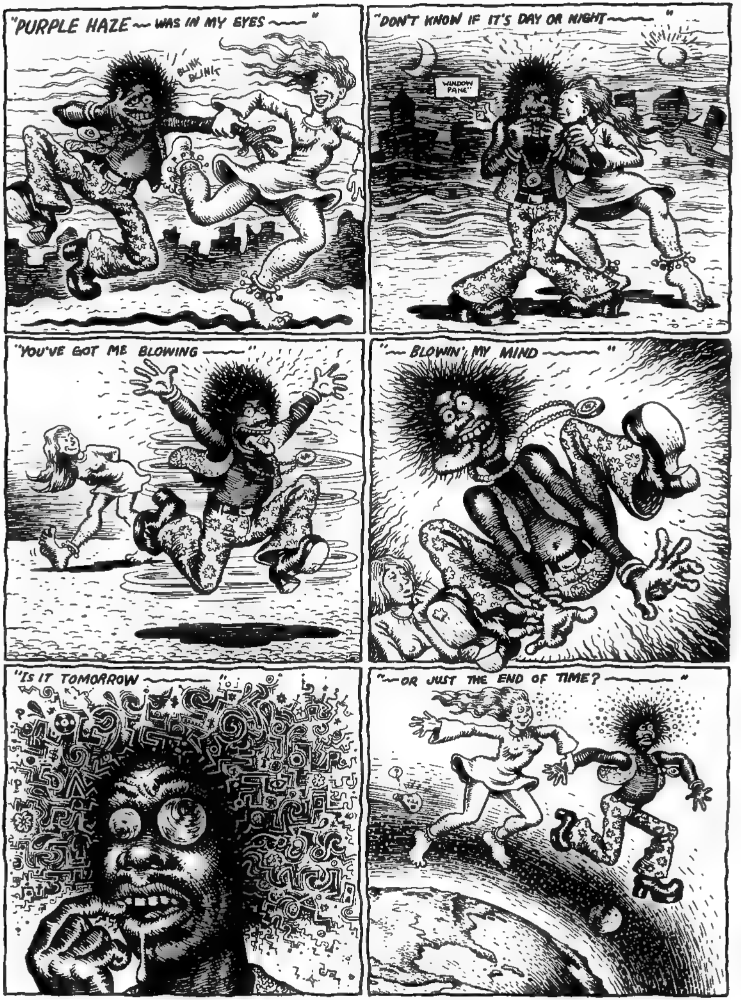

HERE'S ANOTHER CATCHY DITTY THAT'S FOREVER BURNED INTO MY BRAIN... IT'S A LITTLE MOTOWN NUMBER, FROM THE EARLY SIXTIES I BELIEVE... ENVISION A BIG BRASSY ORCHESTRA IN THE BACKGROUND... THE LEAD VOCAL IS THIS COOL SEXY-VOICE NEGRO GIRL, WITH OTHER NEGRESSES ON BACK-UP VOCALS... HERE'S HOW IT LOOKS TO ME... IT'S CALLED...
"MY GUY"
BA BA BOOMP
BUDDA BIDUDDA BOMP
BOM
"NOTHING YOU COULD SAY COULD TEAR ME AWAY FROM MY GUY——
NOTHING YOU COULD DO 'CAUSE I'M STUCK LIKE GLUE TO MY GUY—— "
"I'M STICKIN' TO MY GUY LIKE A STAMP TO A LETTER, LIKE BIRDS OF A FEATHER WE— STICK TOGETHER—"
"I'M TELLIN' Y' FROM THE START I CAN'T BE TORN APART FROM— MY GUY—— "
BUDDA BIDUDDA BOMP
BOM!
"NOTHING YOU COULD DO COULD MAKE ME UNTRUE TO MY GUY—— "
"NOTHING YOU COULD BUY COULD MAKE ME TELL A LIE TO MY GUY—— "

"My Guy" by William "Smokey" Robinson, © Jobete All Rights Reserved.


"I GAVE MY GUY MY WORD OF HONOR— TO BE FAITHFUL— AN' I'M GONNA— YOU'D BEST BE BELIEVING I WON'T BE DECIEVING MY GUY~~ "
BUDDA BUDDA BOMP BOM
R-RIP
"AS A MATTER OF OPINION I THINK HE'S TOPS— MY OPINION IS HE'S THE CREAM OF THE CROP— AS A MATTER OF TASTE TO BE EXACT— HE'S MY IDEAL AS A MATTER OF FACT~~ "
PEDESTAL FOR "MY GUY"
MY GUY
"NO MUSCLE-BOUND MAN COULD TAKE MY HAND FROM MY GUY~~ "
AW, PSHSPLUP~
TEE HEE
MY GUY
"NO HANDSOME FACE COULD EVER TAKE THE PLACE OF MY GUY~~ "
MY GUY
SHOOT
MY GUY
MY GUY
"HE MAY NOT BE A MOVIE STAR BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BEING HAPPY— WE ARE— THERE'S NOT A MAN TODAY WHO COULD TAKE ME AWAY FROM MY GUY~~ "
BUDDA BUDDA BOMP BOM
OKAY OKAY WE GET THE POINT— YOU DIG YOUR GUY~~ VERY LOVELY SENTIMENTS— ENUFF AWREDDY— LET'S GO ON TO THE NEXT NUMBER... OKAY?? AWRIGHT....
BUNT
"THERE'S NOT A MAN—EEEEK
YOU DIRTY MUTH' FUCKA!
CUCKSUCKIN' MUTHAFUCKIN'-
EEEE
SHREEEK


LET'S TAKE A POPULAR HIT FROM THE HIPPIE ERA... ALL OF US FORMER ACID-HEADS EXPERIENCE LSD FLASHBACK WHEN WE HEAR THIS PSYCHEDELIC CLASSIC BY "JIMI".....
"PURPLE HAZE"
"PURPLE HAZE ~ WAS IN MY BRAIN ~ LATELY THINGS ~ DON'T SEEM THE SAME ~~ "
"ACTIN' FUNNY, BUT DON'T KNOW WHY ~~ 'SCUSE ME WHILE I ~ KISS THE SKY ~~ "
?
SMACK!
"PURPLE HAZE ~ ALL AROUND ~ DON'T KNOW IF I'M COMING UP OR DOWN ~~ "
"AM I HAPPY, OR IN MISERY? ~~ "
"WHATEVER IT IS ~~ THAT GIRL PUT A SPELL ON ME! ~~ "
TEE HEE

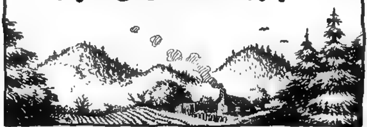
"Purple Haze" by Jimi Hendrix. © Bella Godiva. All Rights Reserved.


"PURPLE HAZE — WAS IN MY EYES — "
BLINK BLINK
"DON'T KNOW IF IT'S DAY OR NIGHT — "
"WINDOW PANE"
"YOU'VE GOT ME BLOWING — "
"— BLOWIN' MY MIND — "
"IS IT TOMORROW — "
"— OR JUST THE END OF TIME? — "

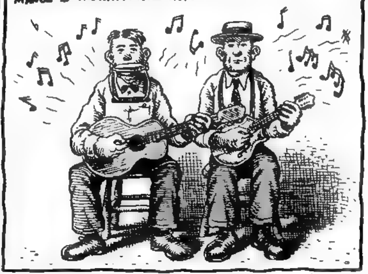
"Purple Haze" by Jimi Hendrix. ©Bella Godiva. All Rights Reserved.

YEAH, THOSE GOOD OLD 'SIXTIES — BUT LET'S FACE IT, THAT PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC WAS PRETTY SILLY, AND ULTIMATELY BORING — BUT NOW, GETTING BACK TO MY ORIGINAL POINT ABOUT THE OLD SONGS, HERE'S A TIMELESS HILL-BILLY TUNE FROM "REAL LIFE"... TAKEN OFF AN OLD 1920s FOLK RECORD... THE MUSIC ITSELF ON THIS RECORD IS GREAT... THE WORDS ARE ALMOST INCIDENTAL, AND IT WASN'T 'TIL AFTER SEVERAL LISTENINGS THAT I BEGAN TO PICK UP ON THE LITTLE STORY THAT THE WORDS TELL... SO HERE'S MY VISION OF....

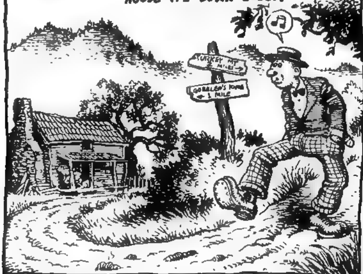
"WHEN YOU GO A COURTIN'"



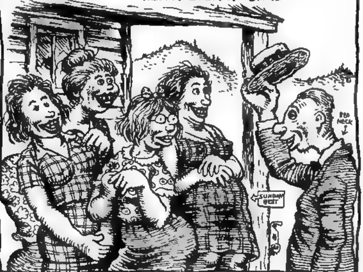
THE MUSIC AND SINGING ARE RENDERED BY TWO OBVIOUSLY BACK COUNTRY TYPES... ONE PLAYS GUITAR AND HARMONICA, THE OTHER GUY PLAYS MANDOLIN... THEY BOTH SING IN THAT SOLEMN, UNEMOTIONAL RURAL STYLE... MOST OF THE PERFORMANCE IS INSTRUMENTAL......



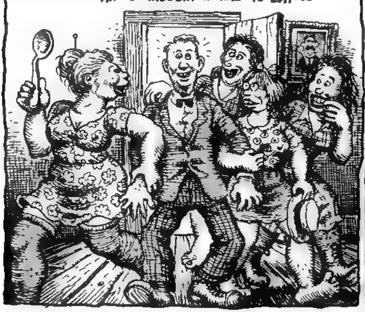
"WHEN YOU GO A COURTIN' LEMME
TELL YOU WHERE TO GO —
JUST GO DOWN TO THE OLD MAN'S
HOUSE IT'S DOWN BELOW — "



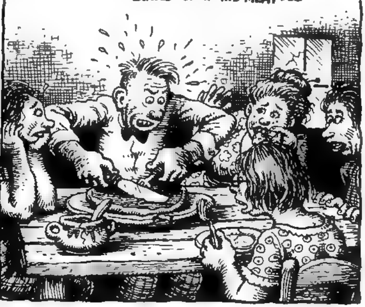
"THE BOYS THEY'RE ALL MARRIED AND
THE GIRLS THEY'RE ALL GROWN —
THEIR HAIR IS ALL TANGLED AND THEY'VE
NEVER SEEN A COMB — "

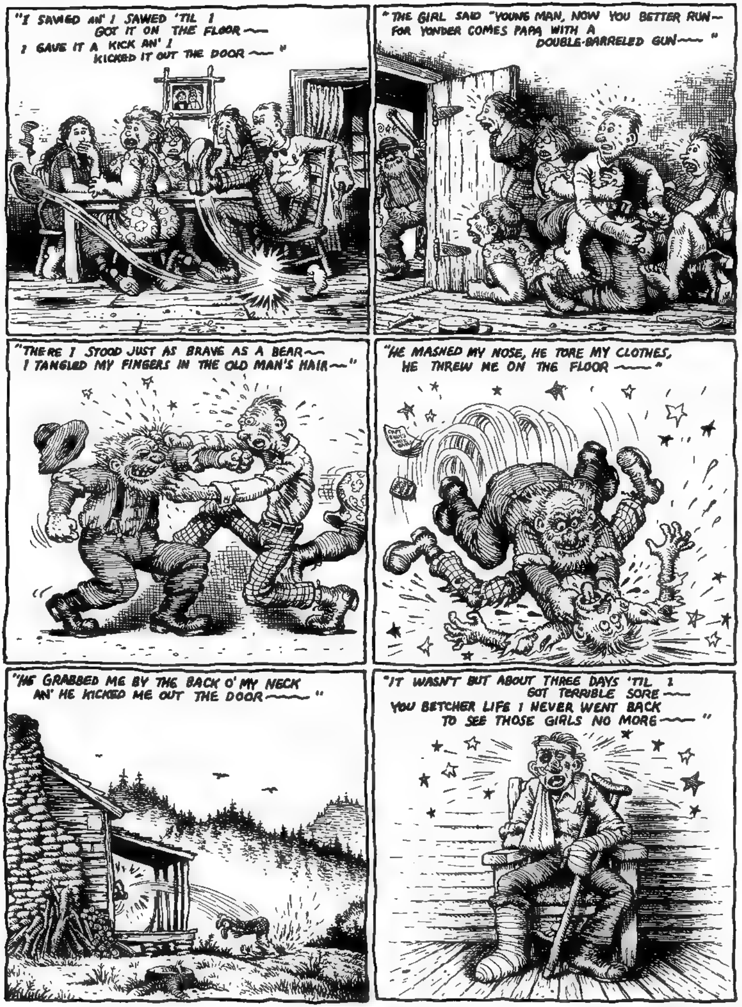


"THEY CALLED ME IN TO SUPPER
AN' I THOUGHT IT WAS TO EAT — "



"I GOT AN OLD DULL KNIFE AN' I
CARVED UPON THE MEAT — "




"I SAWED AN' I SAWED 'TIL I GOT IT ON THE FLOOR——
I GAVE IT A KICK AN' I KICKED IT OUT THE DOOR——"
"THE GIRL SAID "YOUNG MAN, NOW YOU BETTER RUN— FOR YONDER COMES PAPA WITH A DOUBLE-BARRELED GUN——"
"THERE I STOOD JUST AS BRAVE AS A BEAR——
I TANGLED MY FINGERS IN THE OLD MAN'S HAIR——"
"HE MASHED MY NOSE, HE TORE MY CLOTHES,
HE THREW ME ON THE FLOOR——"
"HE GRABBED ME BY THE BACK O' MY NECK
AN' HE KICKED ME OUT THE DOOR——"
"IT WASN'T BUT ABOUT THREE DAYS 'TIL I GOT TERRIBLE SORE——
YOU BETCHER LIFE I NEVER WENT BACK TO SEE THOSE GIRLS NO MORE——"

I BECAME THE SLAVE OF THE WILD GIRLS OF PUTAH CREEK

BY Norton Van Horton

PHOTOS BY
M. JAN GARRISON & CAROL ENGBERG

① YOU SEE, MY WORK INVOLVES STUDYING THE VEGETATION OF THE RIPARIAN JUNGLES ALONG PUTAH CREEK, 15 MILES FROM THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS WHERE I TEACH... ONLY THIS TIME, I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS BEING STUDIED!

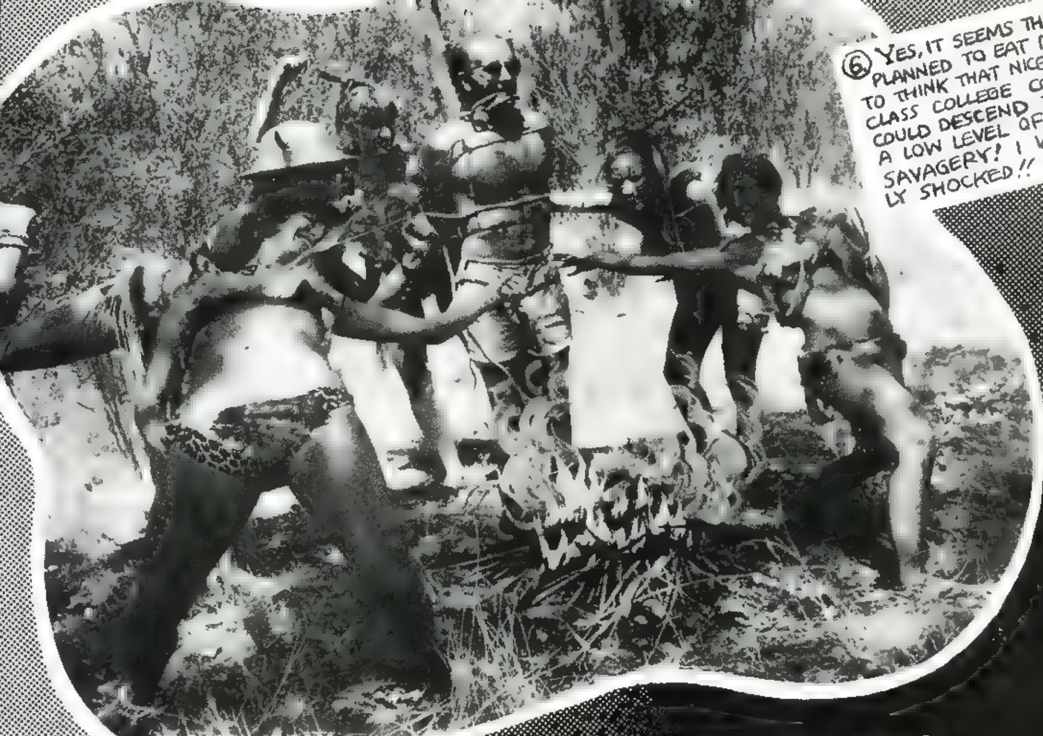
② IT HAPPENED SO FAST I DIDN'T HAVE A PRAYER IN HELL TO ESCAPE FROM THESE SAVAGE SORORITY DROP-OUTS! THE BARBARIC WOOD-NYMPHS WERE UPON ME IN AN INSTANT! WHY, MY HEART ALMOST STOPPED, I WAS IN SUCH A FRIGHT!

③ THE UNTAMED AMAZONS QUICKLY STRIPPED ME OF MY CLOTHES AND EQUIPMENT, LAUGHING AND SHRIEKING LIKE THE FIERCE ANIMALISTIC CREATURES THEY WERE!

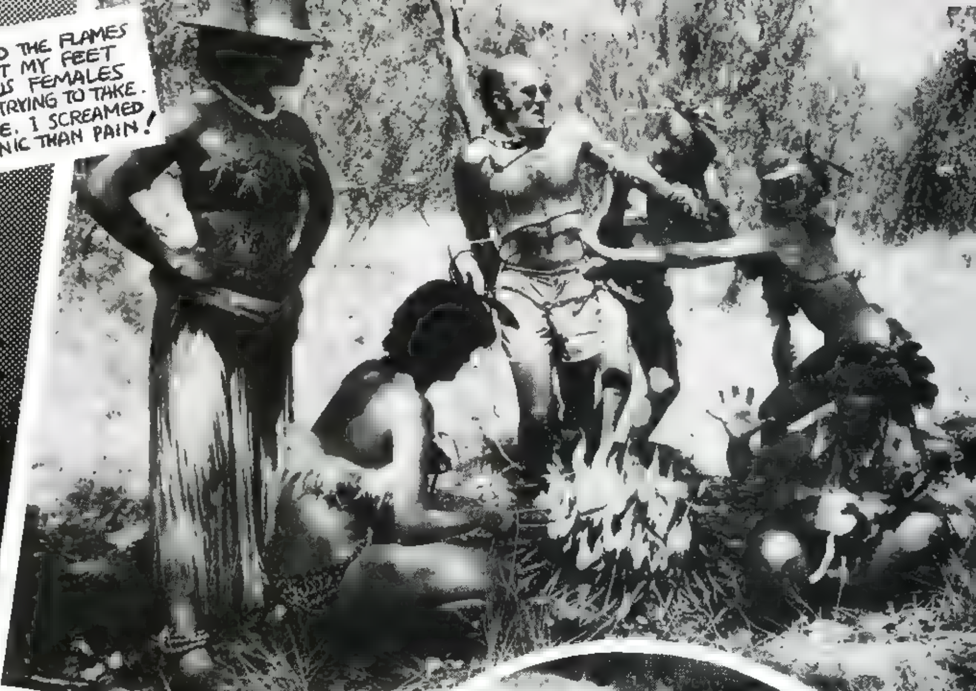
④ I COULD ONLY GUESS AT WHAT COULD BE IN STORE FOR ME AS THEIR LEADER ORDERED THEM TO BIND ME TO A LONG POLE. I WAS RESIGNED TO MY FATE, HELPLESS TO STRUGGLE OR FIGHT BACK!

⑤ THE WILD WOMEN SEEMED PLEASED WITH THEIR QUARRY. MY MIND WAS RACING AS I RECALLED STORIES I'D HEARD OF RESEARCHERS WHO HAD NEVER RETURNED FROM FIELD TRIPS TO PUTAH CREEK!

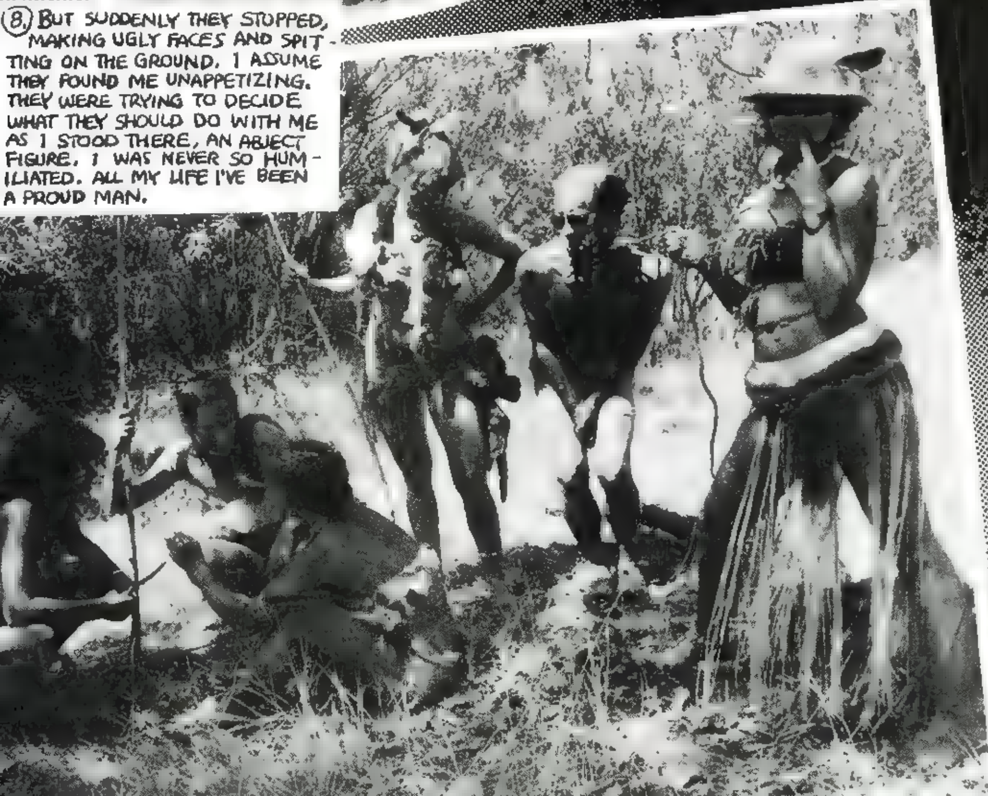
"IT WAS "BACK-TO-NATURE" AND I WAS LUNCH!



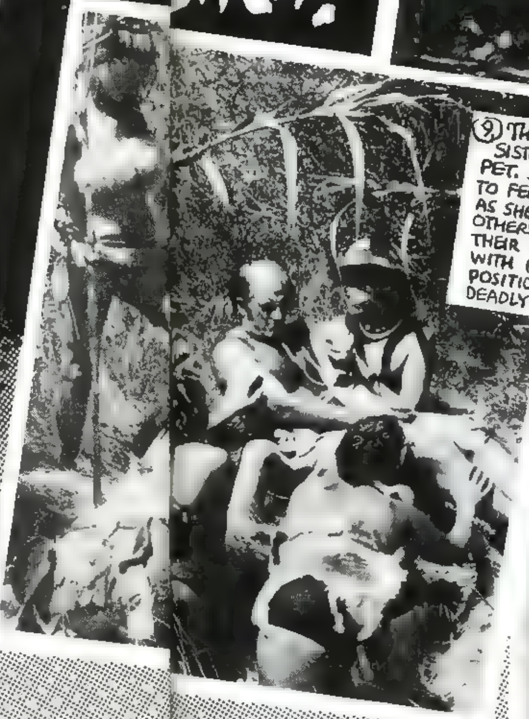
⑥ YES, IT SEEMS THE GALS PLANNED TO EAT ME! OH TO THINK THAT NICE MIDDLE CLASS COLLEGE CO-EDS COULD DESCEND TO SUCH A LOW LEVEL OF PRIMITIVE SAVAGERY! I WAS FRANKLY SHOCKED!!



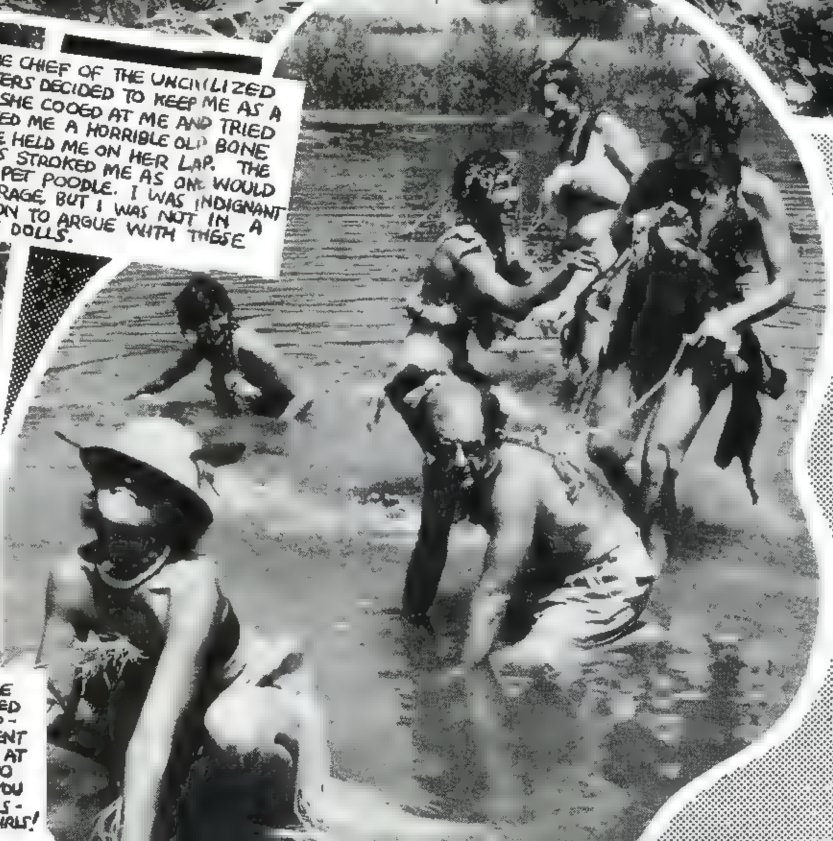
⑦ NO SOONER HAD THE FLAMES BEGUN TO LICK AT MY FEET THAN THE FURIOUS FEMALES LUNGED AT ME, TRYING TO TAKE BITES OUT OF ME. I SCREAMED MORE FROM PANIC THAN PAIN!



⑧ BUT SUDDENLY THEY STOPPED, MAKING UGLY FACES AND SPITTING ON THE GROUND. I ASSUME THEY FOUND ME UNAPPETIZING. THEY WERE TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT THEY SHOULD DO WITH ME AS I STOOD THERE, AN ABJECT FIGURE. I WAS NEVER SO HUMILIATED. ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN A PROUD MAN.



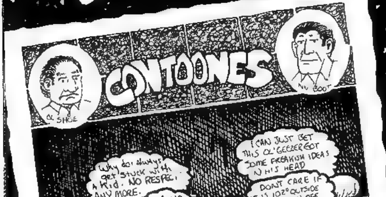
⑨ THE CHIEF OF THE UNCIVILIZED SISTERS DECIDED TO KEEP ME AS A PET. SHE COOED AT ME AND TRIED TO FEED ME A HORRIBLE OLD BONE AS SHE HELD ME ON HER LAP. THE OTHERS STROKED ME AS ONE WOULD THEIR PET POODLE. I WAS INDIGNANT WITH RAGE, BUT I WAS NOT IN A POSITION TO ARGUE WITH THESE DEADLY DOLLS.

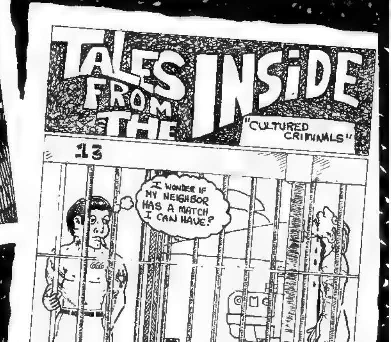


⑩ THESE JUNGLE GALS HAVE SOME HOT-BLOODED PASSIONS AND NEED AN AGREEABLE MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX AROUND AT CERTAIN URGENT MOMENTS. HERE WE ARE ROMPING AT THE CREEK... I GAVE UP TRYING TO ESCAPE... WHAT THE HECK. WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW THEM THEY'RE BASICALLY A PRETTY NICE BUNCH OF GIRLS!

MACEDONIO

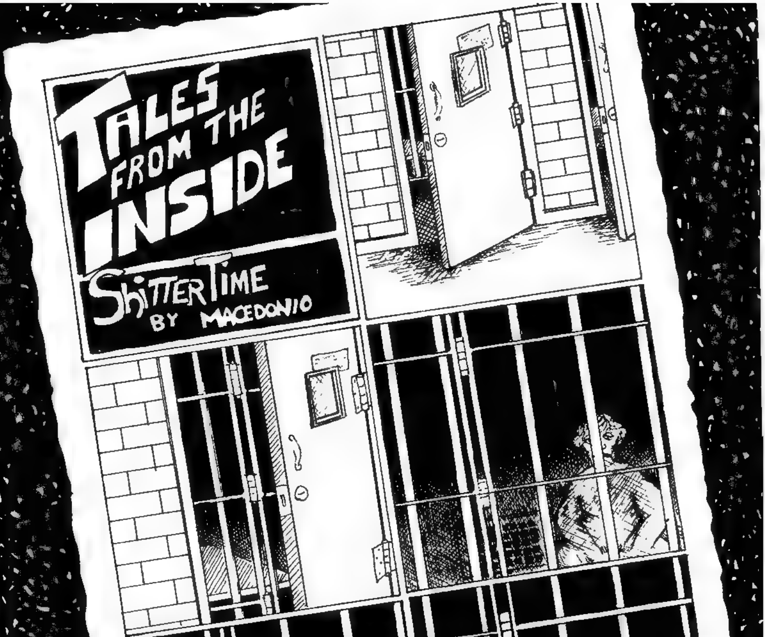
#268314

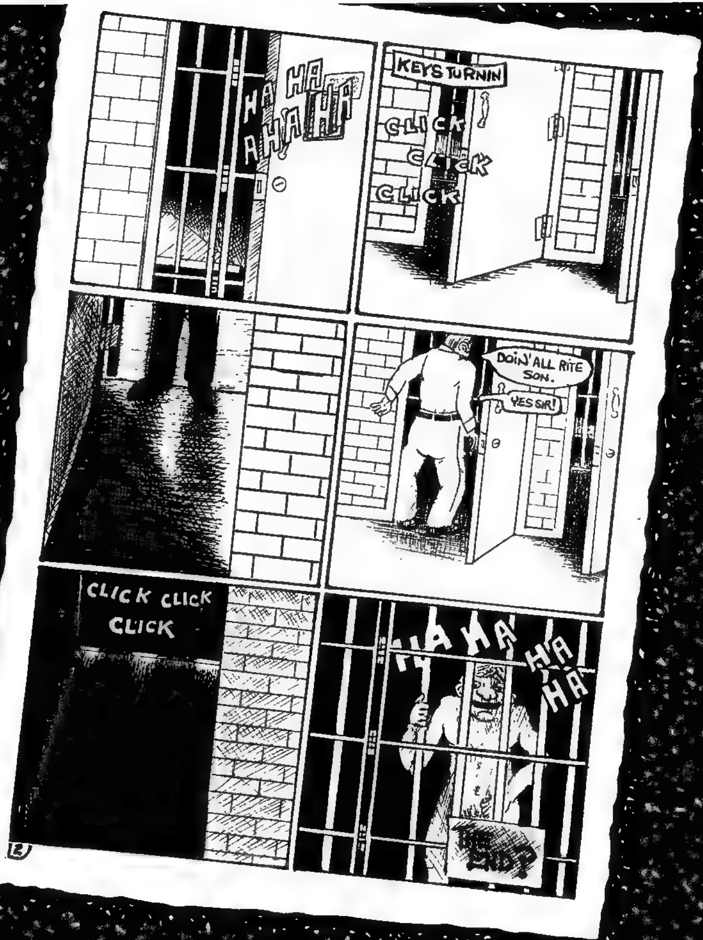

CONTOONES
OL' SHOE
NU BOOT
Why do I always get stuck with a Kid. NO RESPECT ANY MORE.
AND A NO TIME DOIN KID AT THAT 5YRS! HA-HA H
I CAN JUST BET THIS OL' GEEZER GOT SOME FREAKISH IDEAS N HIS HEAD
DONT CARE IF IT IS 102° OUTSIDE AIN'T TAKIN OFF THESE RAGS, ANY WAY.
5YRS
TYPICAL OLD CON DOIN A LIFE SENTENCE WITH NO PAROLE
NOTE BECAUSE OF INNER FEARS OF HIS SEXUALITY, THE NU-BOOT SO LEERY OF THE OLD MAN.
MACEDONIO 81

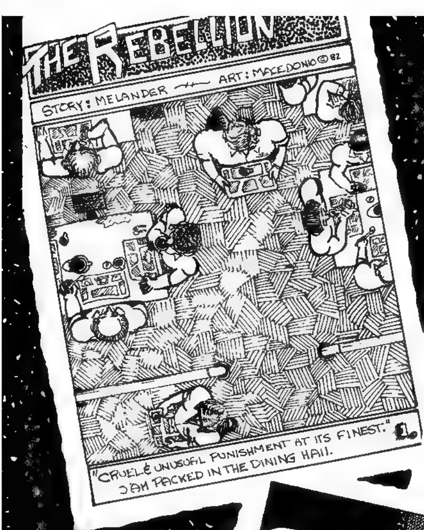

TALES FROM THE INSIDE
"CULTURED CRIMINALS"
13
I WONDER IF MY NEIGHBOR HAS A MATCH I CAN HAVE?
by MACEDONIO 81

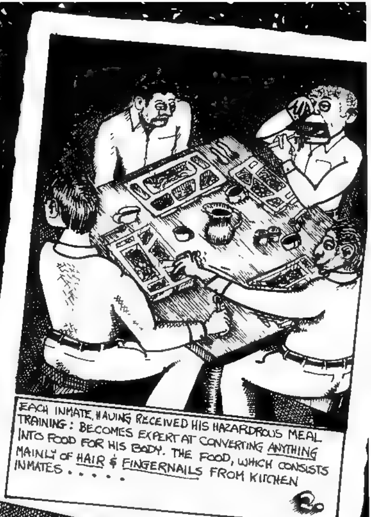
MACEDONIO GARCIA HAS BEEN IN PRISON IN TEXAS FOR 7½ YEARS. ABOUT HIMSELF HE SAYS: "THOUGH I AM A FIRST OFFENDER (STATUS: INMATE) I HAVE IN TIME AQUIRED THE CRIMINAL MIND AND CRIMINAL WAY OF LIFE. THEREFORE SHOULD YOU THE READER DESIRE TO KNOW MORE OF LIFE HERE ON THE INSIDE, FEEL FREE TO WRITE ME. ENJOY WHILE YOU CAN.

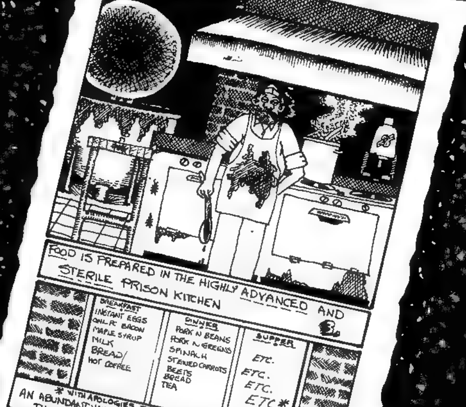
— MACEDONIO GARCIA, #268314
RT, 4, BOX 1200
ROSHARON, TEXAS
77583

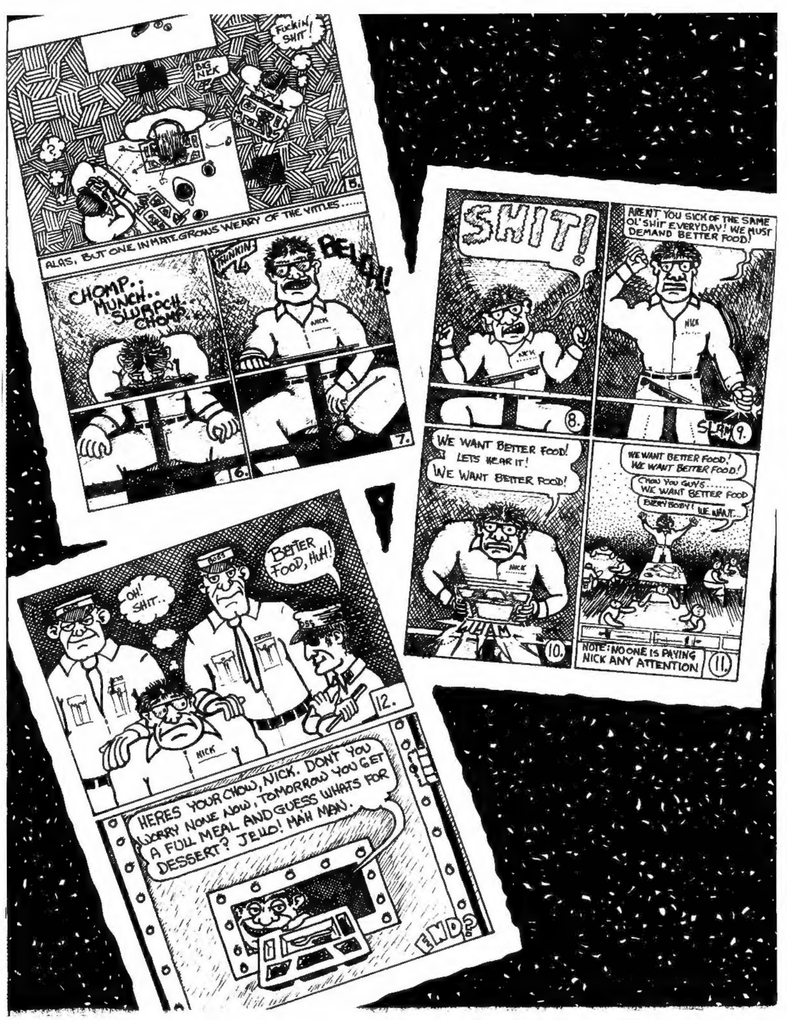

TALES FROM THE INSIDE
SHITTERTIME
BY MACEDONIO
HA AAA
①

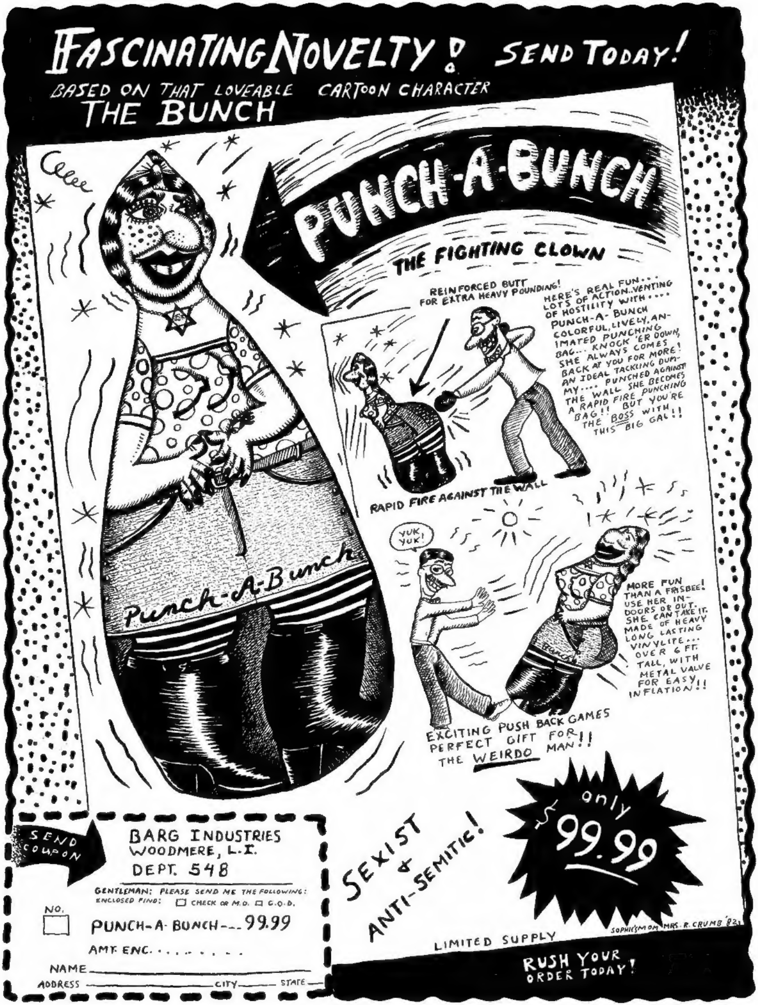

HA HA AHA HA
KEYS TURNIN
CLICK CLICK CLICK
DOIN' ALL RITE SON.
YES SIR!
CLICK CLICK CLICK
HA HA HA HA HA
THE END?


THE REBELLION
STORY: MELANDER — ART: MACEDONIO © 82
"CRUEL & UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT AT ITS FINEST." JAM PACKED IN THE DINING HALL.
1


EACH INMATE, HAVING RECEIVED HIS HAZARDOUS MEAL TRAINING: BECOMES EXPERT AT CONVERTING ANYTHING INTO FOOD FOR HIS BODY. THE FOOD, WHICH CONSISTS MAINLY OF HAIR & FINGERNAILS FROM KITCHEN INMATES . . . . .
2


FOOD IS PREPARED IN THE HIGHLY ADVANCED AND STERILE PRISON KITCHEN
3
BREAKFAST
INSTANT EGGS
ONLY R. BACON
MAPLE SYRUP
MILK
BREAD/
HOT COFFEE
DINNER
PORK N BEANS
PORK N GREENS
SPINACH
STEWED CARROTS
BEETS
BREAD
TEA
SUPPER
ETC.
ETC.
ETC.
ETC.*
* WITH APOLOGIES TO OSCAR MEYER...
AN ABUNDANT VARIETY OF DISHES ARE SERVED DAILY SUCH THOSE SO CAREFULLY DESCRIBED HERE.
4


FUCKIN' SHIT!
BIG NICK
?
5.
ALAS, BUT ONE INMATE GROWS WEARY OF THE VITTLES......
CHOMP.. MUNCH.. SLURPCH.. CHOMP...
6.
THINKIN'
BELCH!
NICK
7.
SHIT!
NICK
8.
AREN'T YOU SICK OF THE SAME OL' SHIT EVERYDAY! WE MUST DEMAND BETTER FOOD!
NICK
SLAM
9.
WE WANT BETTER FOOD! LETS HEAR IT! WE WANT BETTER FOOD!
NICK
WHAM
10.
WE WANT BETTER FOOD! WE WANT BETTER FOOD!
C'MON YOU GUYS....... WE WANT BETTER FOOD
EVERYBODY! WE WANT...
NOTE: NO ONE IS PAYING NICK ANY ATTENTION
11.
OH! SHIT..
BETTER FOOD, HUH!
BOSS
BOSS
NICK
12.
HERES YOUR CHOW, NICK. DONT YOU WORRY NONE NOW, TOMORROW YOU GET A FULL MEAL AND GUESS WHATS FOR DESSERT? JELLO! MAH MAN.
END?


FASCINATING NOVELTY! SEND TODAY!
BASED ON THAT LOVEABLE CARTOON CHARACTER
THE BUNCH
PUNCH-A-BUNCH
THE FIGHTING CLOWN
REINFORCED BUTT FOR EXTRA HEAVY POUNDING!
HERE'S REAL FUN... LOTS OF ACTION..VENTING OF HOSTILITY WITH.... PUNCH-A-BUNCH COLORFUL, LIVELY, ANIMATED PUNCHING BAG... KNOCK 'ER DOWN, SHE ALWAYS COMES BACK AT YOU FOR MORE! AN IDEAL TACKLING DUMMY.... PUNCHED AGAINST THE WALL SHE BECOMES A RAPID FIRE PUNCHING BAG!! BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS WITH THIS BIG GAL!!
RAPID FIRE AGAINST THE WALL
Punch-A-Bunch
YUK YUK!
MORE FUN THAN A FRISBEE! USE HER INDOORS OR OUT. SHE CAN TAKE IT. MADE OF HEAVY LONG LASTING VINYLITE... OVER 6 FT. TALL, WITH METAL VALVE FOR EASY INFLATION!!
Bunch
EXCITING PUSH BACK GAMES PERFECT GIFT FOR THE WEIRDO MAN!!
only $99.99
SEXIST & ANTI-SEMITIC!
SEND COUPON
BARG INDUSTRIES
WOODMERE, L.I.
DEPT. 548
GENTLEMAN: PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING:
ENCLOSED FIND: ☐ CHECK OR M.O. ☐ C.O.D.
NO. ☐
PUNCH-A-BUNCH---99.99
AMT. ENC. . . . .
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
LIMITED SUPPLY
SOPHIE'S MOM MRS. R. CRUMB '82
RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

WEIRDO LICENSE

THIS IS TO CERTIFY

that as herein after provided ______________________________ is from this day foward to be known as a **FULL-FLEDGED A-1 WEIRDO** and as such is free to **DISREGARD** all so-called normal codes of social behavior of the society at large, and may comport him/herself in any eccentric, outlandish or unorthodox manner she/he sees fit, no matter how offensive or distasteful, in any private or public place, commercial establishment, place of business, recreational facility, institution of learning, at public gatherings, festive occasions, cocktail parties, street corners, & political & church meetings. **SO LONG AS** his/her behavior does not in any way threaten or endanger the physical safety of any other person or their personal property. She/He is free to dress out-of-fashion, wear corny hats, wear too much make-up, act crazy, make faux-pas, smell funny, talk loud, not talk at all, be oversexed, have no interest in sex, be crude, use foul language, be repulsive to the opposite sex, be a shoe fetishist or any other perversion, be lazy, act dum and say dum things, be a no-good bum, be a workaholic, take drugs, be a commie, die young, stay indoors, never leave home, be uninformed, be cranky, be neurotic, hate other people, hate yourself, be uncool, act desperate toward the opposite sex, be horny, masturbate, collect things, be a republican, eat franks with the skin peeled off, never have sex, talk baby talk to your pet, stare at people, be fat, mumble, be ethnocentric, be xenophobic, talk with your mouth full, etc, etc.

Etaoin Shrdlu
SOME WEIRDO HIMSELF

In Witness Whereof: R. Crumb
ANOTHER WEIRDO

__________ 19 ____
VALID FROM THIS DAY FOWARD FOREVER

KILROY WAS HERE

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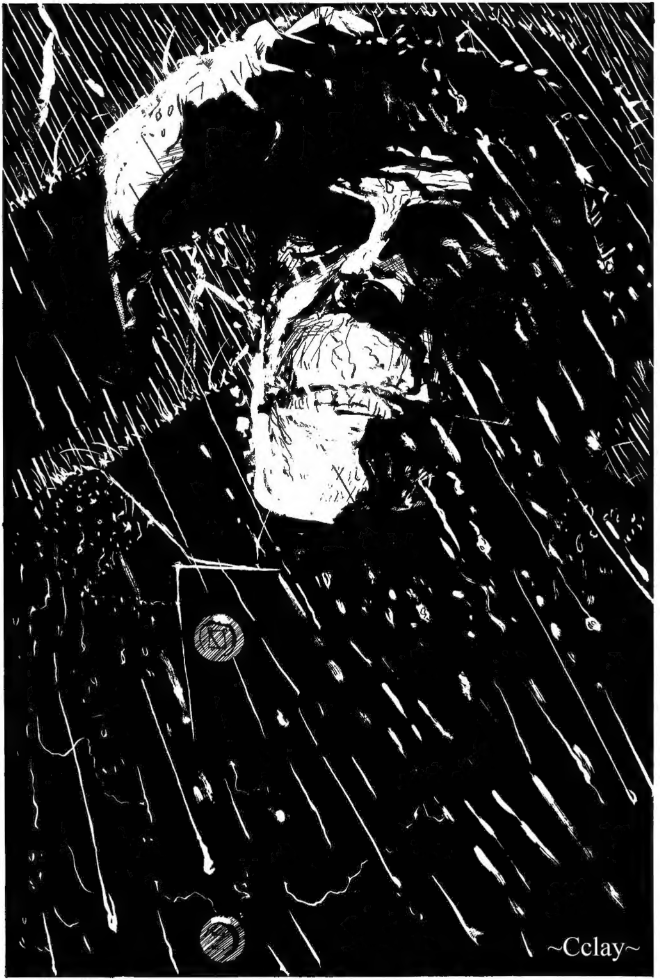

Immortality Isn't Forever